

# THE LONDON LITERARY GAZETTE; AND Journal of Belles Lettres, Arts, Sciences, &c.

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## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*Contarini Fleming: a Psychological Autobiography.* 4 vols. 12mo. Murray.  
[Second Notice.]

WE have now full means to notice this publication, which is a singular and original work, and one that is evidently the idealised history of its author;—by idealised, we mean a fiction in which real feelings and actual scenes are blended with imaginary adventure. We cannot for a moment doubt that the writer and part original of *Contarini Fleming*, is Mr. D'Israeli, junior—a young man who, with all his faults, it were a strange injustice to confound with “the common people” of our literary “sky.” We remember somewhere seeing a comparison, which so exactly characterised his works, that we cannot do better than quote it. “They are like a town built on a romantic site; there is the regular street, the ornamental architecture, signs of man’s labour and man’s art: but ever and anon the eye is caught by some fantastic fragment of old grey rock, the gush of a silver spring, or the green shadow of some antique and stately tree.” Mr. D’Israeli, like Lord Byron, has but one hero, and that hero is the imagination of himself: but here Byron shews the judgment D’Israeli wants; his egotism is that of feeling, not of action; and, as has been well observed in a recent work, “our feelings may come home to some one or other of our readers, as all feelings are general; which is not the case with action, as action is individual, not general.” Lord Byron’s hero indulges in no small affectations, he has no peculiarity of dress, all the women do not fall in love with him, neither is he at all impertinent; now D’Israeli’s heroes have all these sins to answer for; and in a book, as in real life, his reader’s self-love is set in array against him. For example, in *Contarini Fleming* the author and his creation are inevitably identified, and the stamp of reality gives its interest to the mad and dreaming childhood, to the impetuous and impassioned youth; his literary efforts, failures, and successes, all seem true, and all interest us: but when the boy of nineteen settles the affairs of a dynasty, brow-beats half the ambassadors of Europe, we are struck with the impossibility; and the generality of readers, who take every thing at the letter of the law, will say, “As if Mr. D’Israeli ever did these wonderful things!” Of all ages, ours is one in which the extravagant and the extraordinary are the least tolerated; and yet our present writer will outrage the taste of his time by glaring improbabilities—and herein consists his great error. The love-story is all but insanity, the lovers being brought together by mutual and mysterious dreams; and this he defends!

“If ever the science of metaphysics cease to be a frivolous assemblage of unmeaning phrases, and we attempt to acquire that knowledge of our nature, which is doubtless open to us, by the assistance of facts instead of words; if ever,

in short, the philosophy of the human mind be based on demonstration instead of dogma, the strange incident just related will perhaps not be considered the wild delusion of a crack-brained visionary.”

We doubt whether “the philosophy of the human mind” will ever arrive at any such demonstration. With his rich imagination, his sense of the beautiful, and his passion, D’Israeli should have been a poet; but he wants imagery and music—imagery, which gives such life to the object you describe; and music, that inexpressible charm, which words may impart, but never define. It would seem as if his destiny were incomplete. It is curious to observe his own consciousness of this, and how, in the following argument, he exemplifies the moral of the fox in the fable, who, aware of his own want, would fain persuade others of the advantages of deficiency. We shall give, however, but one or two of the fallacies:

“It appears to me, that the age of versification has past.” “The art of poetry was to express natural feelings in unnatural language.”

Now, we deny both these propositions. It seems strange to say of an age which has been so rich in melodious verse, that verse is past: and one would think, that a form of language belonging to an early period of society, generally considered as the most natural, would be natural also; and so it is. The melodies of language are echos of the melodies of thought—as in hearing martial music, the step involuntarily takes a statelier tread, as to gayer airs a lighter or more buoyant one: so does the elevated idea take a more noble, or the feelings of tenderness a sweeter tone, than those of ordinary discourse. Turning from this desultory criticism, which, however, alone can give an idea of pages so desultory as the present, we turn to the story itself, in that spirit of appreciation which it so well merits. It may be divided into three parts: first, the history of the hero’s childhood and youth; secondly, the love-story; thirdly, his travels. The travels are a kind of prose Childe Harold, animated and picturesque; the love-story begins in Mr. D’Israeli’s worst style—forced, unnatural, and improbable; but the description of the young couple, and their quiet and concentrated happiness, is conceived in the purest and most beautiful spirit of poetry. But it is the history of the hero’s childhood and youth that gives the original and striking character to the work. The early passion, the want of sympathy, the vanity, as yet unknown and cloaking itself under the desire of being loved, the active imagination, were never more vividly or more truly portrayed. In the commencement of Godwin’s *Falkland* there is a most delightful sketch drawn of dreaming and secluded childhood; but the present is a thousand times more richly coloured and more forcibly depicted, for the affections are called into play, and the childhood is that of genius. That state of mind haunted by

“Golden dreams,  
All that our ripper years account so vain,  
Yet what we would give worlds to dream again,

But which we never may. Oh, years may bring  
The mind to its perfection, but no more  
Will the young spirit plume its rainbow wing,  
And take the wild sweet flight it did of yore;  
A fairy’s lover, or a dream-raised king,  
A dweller on some lonely island’s shore.  
Passions chase fancies; yet how sweet the time  
When we could muse away a summer morning’s prime.”

This infancy of the imagination is here painted with an animation which answers for its truth; and we feel convinced the writer himself must have known both the craving for futurity and that visionary reverie so well described by Coleridge’s beautiful line,—

“My eyes make pictures when they’re shut.”

But before we proceed to more general extract, we shall give the history of Vivian Grey (we presume, though a little mystified by the commencement rather suiting this work, still the end describes the former precisely).

“The most singular thing is, that, all this time, it never struck me that I was delineating my own character. But now comes the curious part. In depicting the scenes of society in which my hero was forced to move, I suddenly dashed, not only into the most slashing satire, but even into malignant personality. All the bitterness of my heart, occasioned by my wretched existence among their false circles, found its full vent. Never was any thing so imprudent. Every body figured, and all parties and opinions alike suffered. \* \* \* For the work itself, it was altogether a most crude performance, teeming with innumerable faults. It was entirely deficient in art. The principal character, although forcibly conceived, for it was founded on truth, was not sufficiently developed. Of course the others were much less so. The incidents were unnatural, the serious characters exaggerations, the comic ones caricatures; the wit was too often flippant, the philosophy too often forced: yet the vigour was remarkable, the license of an uncurbed imagination not without charms, and, on the whole, there breathed a freshness which is rarely found, and which perhaps, with all my art and knowledge, I may never again afford: and indeed, when I recall the magnificent enthusiasm, the glorious heat, with which this little work was written, I am convinced that, with all its errors, the spark of true creation animated its fiery page. Such is the history of ‘Manstein,’ a work which exercised a strange influence on my destiny.”

To this we add the account which equally suits the second part.

“I prepared myself for composition in a very different mood to that in which I had poured forth my fervid crudities in the *Garden House*. Calm and collected, I constructed characters on philosophical principles, and mused over a chain of action which should develop the system of our existence. All was art. I studied contrasts and grouping, and metaphysical analysis was substituted for anatomical delineation. I was not satisfied that the conduct of my creations should be influenced merely by the general principles of their being. I resolved that they should be

the very impersonations of the moods and passions of our mind. One was ill-regulated will; another offered the formation of a moral being; materialism sparkled in the wild gaiety and reckless caprice of one voluptuous girl, while spirit was vindicated in the deep devotion of a constant and enthusiastic heroine. Even the lighter temperaments were not forgotten. Frivolity smiled, and shrugged his shoulders before us, and there was even a deep personification of cynic humour. Had I executed my work in strict unison with my plan, it would doubtless have been a very dull affair; for I did not yet possess sufficient knowledge of human nature to support me in such a creation, nor was I then habituated to those metaphysical speculations, which might have in some degree compensated, by their profundity, for their want of entertainment. But Nature avenged herself, and extricated me from my dilemma. I began to write; my fancy fired, my brain enflamed; breathing forms rose up under my pen, and jostled aside the cold abstractions, whose creation had cost such long musing. In vain I endeavoured to compose without enthusiasm, in vain I endeavoured to delineate only what I had preconceived, in vain I struggled to restrain the flow of unbidden invention. All that I had seen, and pondered, passed before me from the proud moment that I stood upon Mount Jura to the present ravishing hour that I returned to my long-estranged art. Every tree, every cloud, every star and mountain, every fair lake and flowing river, that had fed my fancy with their sweet suggestions in my rambling hours, now returned and illumined my pages with their brightness and their beauty. My mind teemed with similes. Thought and passion came veiled in metaphoric garb. I was delighted, I was bewildered. The clustering of their beauty seemed an evidence of poetic power: the management of these bright guests was an art of which I was ignorant. I received them all. I found myself often writing only that they might be accommodated. I gave up to this work many long and unbroken hours. I was determined that it should not suffer from a hurried pen. I often stopped to meditate. It was in writing this book that I first learned my art. It was a series of experiments. They were at length finished, and my volumes consigned to their fate and northern publisher. The critics treated me with more courtesy. What seemed to me odd enough then, although no puzzle now, was, that they admired what had been written in haste, and without premeditation, and generally disapproved of what had cost me much forethought, and been executed with great care. It was universally declared a most unequal work, and they were right, although they could not detect the causes of the inequality. My perpetual efforts at being imaginative were highly reprobated. Now my efforts had been entirely the other way. In short, I puzzled them, and no one offered a prediction as to my future career. My book, as a whole, was rather unintelligible, but parts were favourites. It was pronounced a remarkable compound of originality and dulness."

We shall now endeavour to make our quotations as miscellaneous as possible; they will in their variety give a more accurate idea of the work; and, either their novelty, beauty, or worth, needs no preliminary praise.

**A Picture.**—"It was a beautiful garden, full of terraces and arched walks of bowery trees. A tall fountain sprang up from a marble basin, and its glittering column broke in its fall into a thousand coloured drops, and

woke the gleamy fish that would have slept in the dim water."

**Admirable Remark.**—"Never apologise for shewing feeling, my friend. Remember that when you do so, you apologise for truth."

So are the following:—

"I felt the ennobling pride of learning. It is a fine thing to know that which is unknown to others; it is still more dignified to remember that we have gained it by our own energies. The struggle after knowledge too is full of delight. The intellectual chase, not less than the material one, brings fresh vigour to our pulses, and infinite palpitations of strange and sweet suspense. The idea that is gained with effort affords far greater satisfaction, than that which is acquired with dangerous facility. We dwell with more fondness on the perfume of the flower that we have ourselves tended, than on the odour which we cull with carelessness, and cast away without remorse. The strength and sweetness of our knowledge depend upon the impression which it makes upon our own minds. It is the liveliness of the ideas that it affords which renders research so fascinating; so that a trifling fact or deduction, when discovered, or worked out, by our own brain, affords us infinitely greater pleasure than a more important truth obtained by the exertions of another."

"The high poetic talent,—as if to prove that a poet is only, at the best, a wild, although beautiful, error of nature,—the high poetic talent is the rarest in creation."

**Evening Scene.**—"It was one of those stern, sublime sunsets, which is almost the only appearance in the north in which nature enchanted me. I stood at the window gazing on the burnished masses that, for a moment, were suspended, in their fleeting and capricious beauty, on the fair horizon. I turned aside and looked at the rich trees suffused with the crimson light, and ever and anon irradiated by the dying shoots of a golden ray. The deer were stealing home to their bowers, and I watched them till their golden and glancing forms gradually lost their lustre in the declining twilight. The glory had now departed, and all grew dim. A solitary star alone was shining in the grey sky, a bright and solitary star."

Speaking of the personality of Manstein, or Vivian Grey:

"Every body was in a passion, or affected to be painfully sensitive of their neighbours' wrongs. The very personality was ludicrously exaggerated. Every body took a delight in detecting the originals of my portraits. Various keys were handed about, all different; and not content with recognising the very few decided sketches from life there really were, and which were sufficiently obvious and not very malignant, they mischievously insisted, that not a human shadow glided over my pages, which might not be traced to its substance."

**Landscape.**—"It was in Switzerland that I first felt how constantly to contemplate sublime creation develops the poetic power. It was here that I first began to study nature. Those forests of black gigantic pines rising out of the deep snows; those tall white cataracts leaping like headstrong youth into the world, and dashing from their precipices, as if allured by the beautiful delusion of their own rainbow mist; those mighty clouds sailing beneath my feet, or clinging to the bosoms of the dark green mountains, or boiling up like a spell from the invisible and unfathomable depths; the fell avalanche, fleet as a spirit of evil, terrific when its sound suddenly breaks upon the almighty silence, scarcely less terrible when we

gaze upon its crumbling and pallid frame, varied only by the presence of one or two blasted firs; the head of a mountain loosening from its brother peak, rooting up, in the roar of its rapid rush, a whole forest of pines, and covering the earth for miles with elephantine masses; the supernatural extent of landscape that opens to us new worlds; the strong eagles, and the strange wild birds that suddenly cross you in your path, and stare, and shrieking fly—and all the soft sights of joy and loveliness that mingle with these sublime and savage spectacles, the rich pastures, and the numerous flocks, and the golden bees, and the wild flowers, and the carved and painted cottages, and the simple manners and the primal grace—wherever I moved, I was in turn appalled or enchanted; but whatever I beheld, new images ever sprang up in my mind, and new feelings ever crowded on my fancy."

**Venice.**—"If I were to assign the particular quality which conduces to that dreamy and voluptuous existence, which men of high imagination experience in Venice, I should describe it as the feeling of abstraction, which is remarkable in that city, and peculiar to it. Venice is the only city which can yield the magical delights of solitude. All is still and silent. No rude sound disturbs your reveries; fancy, therefore, is not put to flight. No rude sound distracts your self-consciousness. This renders existence intense. We feel every thing. And we feel thus keenly in a city not only eminently beautiful, not only abounding in wonderful creations of art, but each step of which is hallowed ground, quick with associations, that in their more various nature, their nearer relation to ourselves, and perhaps their more picturesque character, exercise a greater influence over the imagination than the more antique story of Greece and Rome. We feel all this in a city, too, which, although her lustre is indeed dimmed, can still count among her daughters maidens fairer than the orient pearls with which her warriors once loved to deck them. Poetry, Tradition, and Love, these are the Graces that have invested with an ever-charming cæstus this Aphrodite of cities."

**Beautiful Song.**—"I marked a rose bedewed with tears, a white and virgin rose; and I said, 'Oh, rose! why do you weep? you are too beautiful for sorrow!' And she answered, 'Lady, mourn not for me, for my grief comes from heaven.'"

**Oriental Home.**—"We looked round our chamber, with its strange furniture, and stared at the divans, and small, high windows, shadowed with painted glass, and smiled. Our room was darkened, but at the end opened an arch, bright in the sun. Beautiful strange plants quivered in the light. The perfume of orange-trees filled our chamber, and the bees were clustering in the scarlet flowers of the pomegranate. Amid the pleasing distraction of these sweet sounds and scents we distinguished the fall of a fountain. We stole forward to the arch, like a prince and princess just disenchanted in a fairy tale. We stepped into a court paved with marble, and full of rare shrubs: the fountain was in the centre. Around it were delicate mats of Barbary, and small bright Persian carpets; and crouching on a scarlet cushion was a white gazelle. I stepped out, and found our kind host, who spoke Italian. I sent his lovely daughter, Alexina, whose cheeks were like a cleft pomegranate, to my wife. As for myself, by Lausanne's advice, I took a Turkish bath, which is the most delightful thing in the world; and when I was reduced to a jelly, I repaired to our host's divan,

where his wife, and three other daughters, all equally beautiful, and dressed in long flowing robes of different-coloured velvets, richly embroidered, and caps of the same material, with tassels of gold, and covered with pearls, came forward. One gave me a pipe seven feet long, another fed me with sweetmeats, a third pressed her hand to her heart, as she presented me coffee in a small cup of porcelain resting in a fillagree frame; and a child, who sparkled like a fairy, bent her knee as she proffered me a vase of sherbet. I felt like a pasha, and the good father translated my compliments."

*Love.*—"I know not the palling of passion, of which some write. I have loved only once, and the recollection of the being to whom I was devoted, fills me at this moment with as much rapture as when her virgin charms were first yielded to my embrace. I cannot comprehend the sneers of witty rakes, at what they call constancy. If beings are united by any other consideration but love, constancy is of course impossible, and, I think, unnecessary. To a man who is in love, the thought of another woman is uninteresting, if not repulsive. Constancy is human nature. Instead of love being the occasion of all the misery of this world, as is sung by fantastic bards, I believe that the misery of this world is occasioned by there not being love enough. This opinion, at any rate, appears more logical. Happiness is only to be found in a recurrence to the principles of human nature, and these will prompt very simple manners. For myself, I believe that permanent unions of the sexes should be early encouraged; nor do I conceive that general happiness can ever flourish but in societies where it is the custom for all males to marry at eighteen. This custom, I am informed, is not unusual in the United States of America; and its consequence is a simplicity of manners, and a purity of conduct, which Europeans cannot comprehend, but to which they must ultimately have recourse. Primal barbarism and extreme civilisation must arrive at the same results. Men, under these circumstances, are actuated by their organisation; in the first instance, instinctively; in the second, philosophically. At present, we are all in the various gradations of the intermediate state of corruption."

We beg to state, that we consider the conclusion as just one of those startling paradoxes in which our author delights. To say new or startling things is, with him, a frequent desire and fault.

*Gazelles.*—"They come from a particular part of Arabia, and are rare; yet one was obtained, and two of its fawn-coloured brethren. I must confess that we found these elegant and poetical companions extremely troublesome and stupid. They are the least sentimental and domestic of all creatures. The most sedulous attention will not attach them to you, and I do not believe they are ever fairly tame. I dislike them, in spite of their liquid eyes and romantic reputation; and infinitely prefer what are now my constant and ever delightful company, some fine, faithful, honest, intelligent, thorough-bred English dogs."

We now conclude, with a very high admiration of Mr. D'Israeli's talents. We dispute many of his opinions, we often disapprove his dogmas; but we know no writer of the present day to whom the word "genius" may be more truly applied. His imagination is a glorious faculty,—the heaven whence genius draws its stars: and to all who like both to feel and think, we recommend *Cantarini Fleming* as a striking and delightful work.

*Pen and Pencil Sketches; being the Journal of a Tour in India.* By Captain Mundy, late Aide-de-Camp to Lord Combermere. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1832. Murray.

WE are inclined to think two volumes rather too long for a work of this class, which, though amusing and pleasant enough to read, does not purport to convey much information to the reader. So far from this, Captain Mundy appears in a sporting character: his pages are of tiger-hunts, and shooting, and travelling, and visiting, and nautching; and he seems to intimate, that, compared with the accounts of these matters, any other kind of intelligence is of little value or consequence. "I think it right (he says), thus early in my mountain tour, to give my reader the probably welcome information, that I am totally unskilled in botany and geology; by which fortunate default in my education he will escape the usual inflictions of scientific travellers (a class, by the by, not included in Sterne's catalogue of tour-alising emigrants); such as being delayed half an hour to dissect a daisy, or being planted the best part of a forenoon before a block of stone, to decide whether it be granite or marble, primitive or secondary rock; till the bored pe-ruser becomes almost petrified himself." There might be a few words added to this declaration; but we must take our authors for what they give themselves out to be; and Capt. Mundy is, in this light, an agreeable, tiger-hunting, sketchy (pen and pencil), and lively companion—with too many French phrases, and too much of his favourite *chasse*; but still *toujours gai* and amusing, from Calcutta to Benares, from Benares to Lucknow, from Lucknow to Delhi, and from Delhi to Simla and the Himalaya Mountains. Our first extract relates to the entrance of Lord Combermere into Lucknow.

"About two miles from the town we encountered his majesty of Oude, accompanied by a numerous and splendid retinue. The king and the commander-in-chief, after a fraternal embrace, continued their march in the same howdah. Our cavalcade was most formidably augmented by this last reinforcement, and it must have presented an imposing spectacle to the myriads of lookers-on as we entered the city. The king, Nuseer-ood-Deen Hyder, is a plain, vulgar-looking man, of about twenty-six years of age, his stature about five feet nine inches, and his complexion rather unusually dark. His majesty's mental endowments, pursuits, and amusements, are by no means of an elevated or dignified order; though his deficiencies are in some measure supplied by the abilities and shrewdness of his minister, who is, however, an unexampled rogue, displaying it in his countenance with such perspicuity of development, as would satisfy the most sceptical unbeliever in Lavater. He is detested by all ranks, with the exception of his royal master, who reposes the most perfect confidence in him. I remarked, that the attendant who sat behind him in the howdah kept his finger twisted in the knot of his lord's sword, as though he feared the possibility of some wronged wretch snatching it out of the scabbard, from the roof or window of the overhanging houses, and making free with the wearer's head;—which act, *par parenthèse*, would be doing the state some service. The streets of Lucknow are extremely narrow,—so much so, as in some places scarcely to admit more than one elephant to pass at a time. The houses, from the windows of which were displayed silks and draperies, were, as well as the streets,

completely covered with spectators; some of them employed in greeting their sovereign with profound salaams; the greater proportion, however, consisting of wretched-looking beggars, who followed the cavalcade, vociferating for charity, and greedily scrambling for the handful of rupees which were from time to time thrown by the king, the commander-in-chief, and the resident, among the crowd. It was curious to see with what care the elephants avoided treading upon or injuring some of these paupers, who, in eager pursuit of the scattered largesse, fearlessly threw themselves under the feet of these animals, the slightest touch of which would have shattered a limb. A few coins thrown on the roof of a house sometimes caused the most amusing scramble; and I more than once saw one of the gleaners roll into the street upon the heads of the gaping crowd below. In some of the narrow passes the crush was awful; the elephants trumpeting, jhools and ladders tearing and crushing; and now and then the projecting roof or veranda of a house carried away by the resistless progress of these powerful animals. The strongest elephants and most determined mahouts held the first places in the cavalcade, next to the king, the commander-in-chief, and the resident. The princes royal were not unfrequently most unceremoniously jostled; and as for the minister, he was generally among the 'unplaced.'"

Among other entertainments—

"His majesty, before he retired, informed the commander-in-chief that he had given orders for the wild-beast fights to be prepared for his edification on the morrow; and as these sports are celebrated for the grand scale on which they are conducted at Lucknow, we were all very anxious to witness them. Early in the morning, therefore, the whole party, including ladies, eager for the novel spectacle, mounted elephants, and repaired to the private gate of the royal palace, where the king met the commander-in-chief, and conducted him and his company to a palace in the park, in one of the courts of which the arena for the combats was prepared. In the centre was erected a gigantic cage of strong bamboos, about fifty feet high, and of like diameter, and roofed with rope network. Sundry smaller cells, communicating by sliding doors with the main theatre, were tenanted by every species of the savage inhabitants of the forest. In the large cage, crowded together, and presenting a formidable front of broad, shaggy foreheads well armed with horns, stood a group of buffaloes sternly awaiting the conflict, with their rear scientifically *appuyé* against the bamboos. The trap-doors being lifted, two tigers, and the same number of bears and leopards, rushed into the centre. The buffaloes instantly commenced hostilities, and made complete shuttles of the bears, who, however, finally escaped by climbing up the bamboos beyond the reach of their horned antagonists. The tigers, one of which was a beautiful animal, fared scarcely better; indeed, the odds were much against them, there being five buffaloes. They appeared, however, to be no match for these powerful creatures even single-handed, and shewed little disposition to be the assailants. The larger tiger was much gored in the head, and in return took a mouthful of his enemy's dewlap, but was finally (as the fancy would describe it) 'bored to the ropes and floored.' The leopards seemed throughout the conflict sedulously to avoid a breach of the peace. A rhinoceros was next let loose in the open court-yard, and the attendants attempted to induce him to pick a quarrel with a tiger



who, was chained to a ring. The rhinoceros appeared, however, to consider a fettered foe as quite beneath his enmity; and having once approached the tiger, and quietly surveyed him, as he writhed and growled, expecting the attack, turned suddenly round and trotted awkwardly off to the yard-gate, where he capsize a palanquin, which was carrying away a lady fatigued with the sight of these unfeminine sports. A buffalo and a tiger were the next combatants: they attacked furiously, the tiger springing at the first onset on the other's head, and tearing his neck severely; but he was quickly dismounted, and thrown with such violence as nearly to break his back, and quite to disable him from renewing the combat. A small elephant was next impelled to attack a leopard. The battle was short and decisive; the former falling on his knees, and thrusting his blunted tusks nearly through his antagonist. On our return from the beast fight, a breakfast awaited us at the royal palace; and the white tablecloth being removed, quails, trained for the purpose, were placed upon the green cloth, and fought most gamely, after the manner of the English cockpit. This is an amusement much in fashion among the natives of rank, and they bet large sums on their birds, as they lounge luxuriously round, smoking their hookahs. Elephant fights were announced as the concluding scene of this day of strife. The spectators took their seats in a long veranda. The narrow stream of the river Goomty runs close under the palace walls, and on the opposite bank a large, open, sandy space presented a convenient theatre for the operations of these gigantic athletes. The elephants educated for the arena are large, powerful males, wrought up to a state of fury by constant feeding with exciting spices. On the spacious plain before us we counted several of these animals parading singly and sulkily to and fro, their mahouts seated on their backs, which were covered with a strong network for the driver to cling by in the conflict. In attendance upon every elephant were two or three men, armed with long spears, a weapon of which this animal has the greatest dread. We soon discovered two of the combatants slowly advancing towards each other from opposite sides of the plain. As they approached, their speed gradually increased, and they at length met with a grand shock, entwining their trunks, and pushing, until one, finding himself over-matched, fairly turned tail, and received his adversary's charge in the rear. This was so violent, that the mahout of the flying elephant was dislodged from his seat: he fortunately fell wide of the pursuer, and escaped with a few bruises. Five or six couple were fought, but shewed little sport; the sagacious animals instantly discovering when they were over-matched. I had long been ambitious of witnessing the far-famed wild-beast fights of Lucknow, and having enjoyed an opportunity of seeing them, which few have had, it would hardly be fair to say that I was disappointed. Before the party left the palace, his majesty took a great fancy to a hookah belonging to one of the staff. It was formed on an entirely new principle; and the king was so smitten with the novel invention, that he signified his royal wish to purchase it, and immediately carried it off, to display its charms to the three hundred and fifty fair inmates of his zenana. In the evening a Piedmontese conjuror, in the pay of the nawab, entertained us much by his ingenious tricks. He must be a useful fellow to amuse the vacant mind of an Eastern despot."

At Delhi, Captain Mundy relates:—

"We rode by the ancient fortress—the lofty walls and gateways of which have crumbled but little beneath the weight of seven hundred years—and proceeded, after sundry mishaps from the fighting propensities of our horses, to the great tank, by plunging into which some fellows, bred to the profession, gain a precarious livelihood. By the by, these Indian horses are great anti-*l'été-à-l'étéists*: whilst their riders are unsuspectingly engaged in conversation, they get their noses together, and suddenly warn you of their misunderstanding by a loud squeal and a most ill-timed rear; and if one cavalier vacates his seat, the loose horse renders the situation of the still mounted man scarcely more enviable than that of his sprawling companion, by attacking him most viciously. Arabs are generally better tempered; but the native Indian horses from Kutch, Kattiawah, and the Lacka jungles, are proverbially savage. In the cavalry regiments there are always some noted 'haram zadehs,' or *mauvais sujets*, that 'shew fight' the moment a fellow-charger comes within twenty yards of them; and instances are known of these vicious brutes (in humble emulation of Diomed's carnivorous mares) worrying their riders with their teeth, after having thrown them. When in the ranks, however, they are, like pugnacious characters in human society, tamed by education, discipline, and custom, into better behaviour."

From the Indian horses we travel northward to the Seikhs and their weapons, for our next illustration.

"The Seikhs have a great variety of weapons. I observed, among his escort, the musket, matchlock, sword, spears of sundry forms, dagger, and battle-axe; but the arm that is exclusively peculiar to this sect, is the quoit; it is made of beautiful thin steel, sometimes inlaid with gold; in using it, the warrior twirls it swiftly round the fore-finger, and launches it with such deadly aim as, according to their own account, to be sure of their man at eighty paces."

Among the most curious sights seen by our countryman was the fair at Hurdwar; where his journal notes the following:—

"Before breakfast, went into the cattle-fair with Colonel Stevenson, and bought a handsome, though small mule for the mountain journeys. The price was eighty rupees, for which sum a fine camel may be purchased. We took a native bargainer with us, and I was much amused by the manner in which the buyer and seller arranged their bargain. The business of chaffering was carried on through the medium of their hands, concealed under a cloth, certain movements of the fingers having corresponding prices. It was a matter of some minutes; and much shaking of heads, though no verbal altercation, was gone through on both sides before the bargain was concluded. We next inspected some elephants for sale; and the dealers descended upon their good points as largely and as knowingly as Tattersall could do on those of a horse—though the perfections of the two animals differ considerably. An elephant is extolled for a large head, large ears, arched back, sloping quarters, deep flank, long trunk well mottled, short legs, and the forearm bowing out well in front. The flat bunch of hair at the extremity of the tail is also a great desideratum."

Of the natives of the Himalaya mountains we have also some novel particulars.

"Another equally peculiar trait of the customs of the Himalayan peasants I witnessed a few days afterwards; namely, the putting an infant to sleep by the action of water. The

successful issue of this experiment I had quietly made up my mind not to believe in, until convinced by actual ocular proof. The method was as follows:—the child, whose age might be a year or two, was laid by its mother, who was employed in bruising grain, on a charpy placed on a sloping green bank, along the top of which ran a small spring stream. A piece of bark introduced through the embankment, conducted a slender spout of water, which fell, at the height of about half a foot, on to the crown of the infant's head. It was fast asleep when I witnessed the process! The natives believe that it is a great fortifier of the constitution. It may be that it fortifies the pericranium, and addles the brains of its advocates; for the generalty of the mountaineers are decided numskulls."

"We passed two or three very considerable villages on our way; one of which, Bourah, is very picturesque, and romantic in its situation. The method of preserving hay about here is curious, and appears to answer very well. It is loosely twisted into long, thick ropes, which being fastened together at one end, are thrown over the fork of a tree, the extremities hanging down, and the apex being thatched with straw."

At a celebrated pass called the Shattoul pass, the ascent to which was accompanied by many dangers, the description of the scenery is picturesque.

"In the afternoon Colonel Dawkins mounted to the ridge of the pass, and looked into the valley beyond. He described the prospect as dreary and wild in the extreme; the Sutledge river was, from the height of its rocky banks, and its great distance below his station, scarcely visible; in the distance towered yet another grand range of snow-clad mountains, some of whose peaks claim the supremacy in altitude over all the mountains of the globe; the highest of the Dewalgi range being above twenty-six thousand feet. The Shattoul pass is above fifteen thousand five hundred and sixty feet; and the inaccessible peak which elevates itself above its right flank has been computed at seventeen thousand and thirty-five feet. Thus the pass of Shattoul is, as near as may be, co-level with Mount Blanc, which boasts an elevation of fifteen thousand six hundred and thirty feet."

Not far distant, a remarkable phenomenon is mentioned.

"I saw here the most extraordinary effect of mirage that I ever met with. That optical delusion, styled by the Arabs, *suhrah*, or 'water of the desert,' is common in the plains of India; but I did not suppose that mountain scenery was susceptible of it. A deep precipitous valley below us, at the bottom of which I had seen one or two miserable villages in the morning, bore in the evening a complete resemblance to a beautiful lake; the vapour, which played the part of water, ascending nearly half way up the sides of the vale, and on its bright surface trees and rocks being distinctly reflected. I had not been long contemplating the phenomenon, before a sudden storm came on, and dropped a curtain of clouds over the scene."

With this we conclude our notice of Captain Mundy's publication; though, should the second volume offer us aught very interesting, we may refer to it to augment the favourable impression which we trust our extracts from the first will excite.



*The Democrat, and The Hugonot.* 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1832. Bull; Hatchard and Son.

BEFORE we proceed to do justice to these clever and interesting pages, we must protest against the flourish of trumpets with which they have been ushered before the public: From the manner in which *The Democrat* has been paraded through the papers, we really thought Colonel Jones was going to put the letters of "Radical" into a romance in three volumes. Now, in making this allusion, we refer quite as much to the general system as to the individual instance. Nothing can be more absurd than the style in which a new work is announced,—absurd, because there can scarcely, now-a-days, be one single reader who is not perfectly aware that the paragraph is merely another form of advertisement,\* and that "the intense interest," "the vivid curiosity," expressed *a priori*, are felt by the publisher, not by the public. Another absurd practice is, the bookseller taking the christening into his own hands, and, provided there is a shewy title, caring little whether it be consonant to the nature of the work. It is quite impossible for the title and the puff preliminary to have given a false impression of a production than they have done in the instance before us. *The Democrat*, to whose announcement the publisher did not venture to affix his name, consists of two stories, written in the very spirit of morality and religion, and which are chiefly addressed to the young, the serious, and the feminine body of readers. The author is evidently a female, who has been much abroad, and who herself classes her work under the head of religious fiction; and in a well-written introductory essay, asks, "Is it rational, safe, or politic, to banish from a class of works most eagerly perused by young readers, all that tends to ennoble and strengthen the phiant mind—all, in short, that is calculated to render that atmosphere of fancy into which they will soar harmless and even healthful; to say nothing of the loss of one of the finest themes for his pen which the writer of fiction must himself sustain?"

The tales are both of great interest; the dialogues are supported with much spirit; and there is some beautiful description. We like the first the best; for in both the interest depends on the heroine; and we infinitely prefer the high-principled, patient, yet meek spirit of Christianity which actuates Francesca, to that of martyrdom which is embodied in Marie Belchasse. Martyrs have never been especial favourites of ours; for we firmly believe that obstinacy and pride have led more victims, of all persuasions and creeds, to the stake, and supported them when there, than ever did any religious belief. To this we must add, that the feeling which induced a young girl of sixteen to risk the lives of her father, lover, and little sister, was any thing but a divine inspiration. The fanaticism which leads to religious persecution, and its concomitant, martyrdom, was one of the most insane and terrible delusions with which human passions ever darkened the mild and beautiful spirit of true faith. It is to be hoped that the days of persecution are utterly passed away; but it is in fanaticism such persecution originates; and, strange as it may seem to say in a reasoning and reasonable age, there is still enough of fanaticism abroad to induce us to withhold any encouragement to its exciting and excitable temper. The spiritual vanity which would itself go to the stake, has rarely hesitated in sending another there.—But, to return to our cri-

tical task, we will first extract the ensuing dialogue, as an amusing specimen of national manners. It is between two Sicilian sisters, one of whom has, however, been educated in England.

"All the accounts Francesca had read or heard of Sicilian ignorance, and which she had hitherto regarded as exaggerated travellers' tales, now returned to her mind with overpowering force. Her father had, for wise reasons, never enlightened her mind on this subject. She endeavoured, however, to hide her surprise and disappointment, and good-naturedly tried to amuse her companion, by describing some of the wonders she had seen in her foreign travels;—Swiss glaciers, Dutch canals, London fogs, et cetera. On the latter Giuseppa observed,—'Why, you might talk to your lover close to your father or your husband, and they never a whit the wiser, in such a mist as you describe. I should like to visit this same London. Were you ever in England?' 'My dear Giuseppa!' exclaimed poor Francesca, overpowered by the levity of the observation, and the ignorance of the query; 'as well might you ask me,—standing as I now do in Palermo,—whether I had ever visited the island of Sicily.' 'Well, well!' said Giuseppa in a deprecatory tone; 'I recollect there was a discussion the other night at the Cafiero's conversation, whether London was in England, or England in London, and I cannot at this moment recollect which way the decision went. It is rather difficult to remember these nice distinctions.'

"I really am sorry this London is such hundreds of thousands of miles distant; I quite long to visit it." "That you might have a clandestine interview with your lover in the fog?" said Francesca, with a smile of mixed pity and melancholy. "I hope, dear girl, that neither in England nor in Sicily you would seek to hide your affections from him who has a parent's right to know them." "Mercy on me!" ejaculated Donna Giuseppa, "I am sure I never dreamed of marrying any man save one of my father's choosing; and 'tis a little hard, methinks, if my hand and my heart are both to be at his bidding. And, let me tell you, it's no such pleasant thing to marry one's uncle." "Your uncle?—how shocking!" "Why, what is there so extraordinary in that? They don't marry their uncles, then, in England, I suppose? But do you know, dearest Cica," she continued, blushing consciously, "I've taken a kind of a—sort of a fancy to a young Englishman here—Signore Barrington, a—a merchant—that is, with a merchant, for he is still young. English merchants, you know, are great men, almost as great as Sicilian nobles. And I have had it whispered in my ear, that he does not dislike me: but he wishes—I don't like to tell you—he wishes I were more educated; that is, more after the fashion of his countrywomen. He is such a grave young man! and all made up of wisdom and learning, like yourself. Now I dare say you would not mind the trouble of teaching me to write; and I can read already." "My dear Giuseppa, I will teach you any thing you require, and to the best of my poor abilities, but—" "Ay, now, I know you're going to say something more about duty to parents, and never concealing attachments, and so forth; for I see you are a very lady abess in righteousness, and Barrington wants to persuade me that all the English ladies are the same. But have a care, my Cica, for there is a husband preparing for you." "Oh, God forbid!" said Donna Francesca, turning very pale. "Now, I'll tell you

how it is," continued the careless Giuseppa, in a confidential tone, and without observing her sister's emotion; "our father is now in treaty with two very excellent, very illustrious, but not very juvenile, consorts for his two daughters. One is our venerable uncle before mentioned, and the other is the old Duca di Roccamana—not old either, for he is only fifty-five, and that, our father says, is no older for a man than nineteen is for a woman. The carriages will be soon on the Marina, and then I'll point him out to you. I shall not be able to shew you the Barringtoni, because he is spending an eternity in the country. Now, this same duca is, like our father, I believe, a great friend to political freedom (I shall get you, when I've done, to explain to me what this same political freedom means, but my father assures me it is a thing not to be talked about), and he rather wishes him to marry you; but he says, as you have been brought up with such different notions from the Sicilians, and are more likely to hesitate on the subject than your most humble servant, you are to have your choice, and the one you reject is to fall to the lot of poor me! I like the idea of having other people's refuse; and really, as Paolina, my cameriera, says, if I were not more than commonly amiable, I should fairly detest you. But I hope you'll leave our precious uncle to me, for he's very easy and good-natured; and, as you don't know either of the gentlemen, it cannot greatly matter to you which you take. How many a time, when I was a little girl, have I sat on his knee, while he has given me *dolci* till I was fairly sick! You saw him at dinner—Don Mariana di St. Elmo; he is a marchese, and very rich, and our mother's brother."

We contrast this with the following description of Etna:—

"The aged and extinct volcanoes of Paternò have generally a circumference of two miles, and a perpendicular height of seven hundred feet. They are venerable, however, not merely from their size, nor yet from their antiquity, but from the imposing appearance which they present to the eye, protected from their summit to their base by the sylvan giants to which they have themselves given birth. As in most forests of oak, the trees leave a sufficient space for each other, to admit the full spread of their lower branches; and so distinct are they in some places, that at a distance they seem rather to dot than to cover the slopes which they enrich. It is not, therefore, difficult to reconnoitre the surrounding country. No human hand has ever interfered with the growth of these verdant children of nature, whose trunks and branches are often twisted into every wild and picturesque contortion that the sinuities of the ground could produce. Some, after rising erect to a height of a few feet, by a sudden and almost angular counter growth shoot aside into the strangest and most fanciful shapes. Others starting, with knotty trunk and spread branches, from the perpendicular flank of some abrupt elevation, present the curious anomaly of a full-sized forest tree running parallel with the earth, instead of rising from its surface to meet the face of heaven.

"Mount Tartaria appeared to recede, while the fiery torrent seemed to widen: the ground rendered flight impossible, and he now deemed that nothing short of a miraculous interposition could save him; to proceed appeared hopeless—useless, for the burning river had reached Mount Tartaria itself, and entering its humid and cavernous base at the northern extremity, soon penetrated its inmost recesses, and at length

\* By the by, this was done in the first advertisement of *The Fair of May Fair*, and with about as much reason.

burst from the opposite side. It was a strange and fearful spectacle to behold: a fiery cascade gushing from the peaceful bosom of an ancient volcano, long sunk into harmless quiescence, and all fair and verdant, even to its summit, with trees and herbage. This spectacle did not last long; the water collected in the hollows was soon expanded by the heat into steam, while the lava, unable to force a prompt passage through the mountain, acquired by condensation a tremendously increased power. Mount Tartaria now began to burst with fearful explosions; wide rents in its sides were first visible; a thick smoke and steam arose from the evaporation of the subterranean water; the trees began to burn and fall, and lastly, with one awful crash, the mountain opened in the centre from its summit to its base; the southern side retained its perpendicular position, while the northern, falling in one huge heap of ruin, presented such a new barrier to the lava, as to turn its course in a line almost at a right angle with its previous direction."

We think the present writer one of very great promise: to concentrate more should be her chief endeavour. Her comic sketches are mostly failures when they turn upon individual ridicule,—witness the merchant's dinner. Also, in her anxiety to act up to her preface, she forewarns her reader that her heroes are not like those of Byron or Scott, in a very unnecessary manner. In her next work—and we hope to see another—she will do well to write less on a system, and more from her own good feeling. The character of the Prince de Laon, always excepting its unnatural conclusion, is a very striking and original conception.

*The Radical: an Autobiography.* By the Author of "the Member," "the Ayrshire Legatee," &c. 12mo. pp. 200. London, 1832. Fraser.

MR. GALT is most lucky, or we might say, in his northern phraseology, most timely, in this publication, which has hit a period of political excitement on the very nick. It is the ironical autobiography of a Radical, and written with all that sagacious observation of men and things, and all that quiet but caustic humour, which distinguish the productions of this author. But our readers are aware, that the more of politics there is in any book, the less likely is it to have a long review in the *Literary Gazette*, which we would fain make a green spot in the midst of the ravaged districts around, a sort of preserve for the sciences, the fine arts, and literature, into which neither controversy, faction, nor party, can intrude. There is, however, so much good humour and characteristic originality in Mr. Galt's performance, that we should ill do our duty, either with reference to his celebrity, or to the talent displayed in the present volume, were we to omit its illustration in our miscellaneous page. We shall, in executing this task, confine ourselves more to the early parts of Nathan Butt's life than to those of his later career, when public oratory, elections, and parliament, occupy his genius. The *Radical* is ludicrously dedicated as follows:

"To the right honourable Baron Brougham and Vaux, late Lord High Chancellor of England.

"To you, my Lord, 'the head and front' of our party, I inscribe these sketches. No individual has, with equal vehemence, done so much to rescue first principles from prejudice, or to release property from that obsolete stability into which it has long been the object of society to constrain its natural freedom. To you belongs

the singular glory of having had the courage to state, even in the British Parliament, 'that there are things which cannot be holden in property;' thus asserting the supremacy of nature over law, and also the right of man to determine for himself the extent of his social privileges. What dogma of greater importance to liberty had been before promulgated? What opinion, more intrepidly declared, has so well deserved the applause and admiration of

NATHAN BUTT!"

The work opens thus:—

"The darkest hour is ever before the dawn. This the disappointed and the unfortunate should bear in mind, and cherish their hearts, in despondency, with the consideration, that if a man can afford to wait, he never fails in the end to obtain much of the object of his wishes. These reflections come with encouragement; for now, thank Heaven, our long-deferred hopes are about to be realised,—let no one despair when his fortunes seem most disastrous! Who, in this long-afflicted nation, could have indulged in the glorious anticipations that now brighten in our prospect? What man who has tasted the bitter of Tory exultation, and been forced to stoop to that abasement which, like iron, entered every Whig soul, when the arrogant official faction, in its high and palmy state, trampled on our sacred rights? But our pearls are about to be rescued from the hooves of the trampers. The day begins to dawn, in which all honest men, with emancipated immunities, will, in the free natural exercise of their faculties, vindicate the perfectable greatness of the human character, and lift it above those circumstances of oppression, privation, and servitude, which it has from the beginning endured. But enough of this; I must repress the enthusiasm with which my feelings are excited by that which is at this moment the theme of all tongues, all heads, and all hearts. I allude not to the Cholera, but to the Reform Bill. I speak not of laudanum, or rhubarb and brandy, or of any drug that has been found efficacious in the pestilence; but of that alone which the contemptuous Tories have denominated the 'Russell purge.' To return, however, to the subject of these pages—the history of my own life:—I am sure that I cannot adopt any better course to secure to me the sympathy of the reader, and his participation in my joy, than by simply relating my experience during that bondage and servility from which we are all on the point of being relieved. In my sufferings I have had many companions; and a naked recital of what we have undergone together, is sufficient to demonstrate the iniquity of that frame of society now ordained to be destroyed. Happy posterity! in vain shall ye, with all the invention of your future genius, attempt to conceive the calamities of that condition from which we, your ancestors, now intend to save you. It is reserved for you and yours to employ, with proper truth and effect, that precious expression, which the Tories of these days have so perversely used—"the wisdom of our ancestors!"

Describing his innate character, Nathan tells us:

"There was an elastic principle of resistance within me even from my childhood; and I have never ceased, supported by it, to regard political shackles with unabashed antipathy. My spirit was nerved with irrepressible energy against every symptom of pretension, no matter in how dear or venerable a form it menaced me. Well do I recollect, that while yet a mere baby, playing on the hearth-rug with

a kitten, which in its gambols scratched my hands, how I seized it by the throat, and how my grandmother, then sitting by, took me up in the most tyrannical manner, and, before I would forego my grasp, shook me; but it was not with impunity. The spirit of independence I have ever largely shared, and it was roused by her injustice. One of her fingers, to the day of her death, bore witness to the indignation with which my four earliest teeth avenged her intervention in behalf of the feline aggressor. It would, however, be a tedious and vain task to recount the manifold instances in which my childhood was molested by misrule, the lot of all under the old system. Reciprocal oppression was the very spirit of that system; and it is no exaggeration to say, that the whole human race now in existence can verify this fact." "I might multiply domestic injuries of the same kind, of which I was the victim, especially as my mother was a person who never allowed any of her children to evince the slightest independence; on the contrary, she often irresponsibly ruled them with a rod of iron. Perhaps, however, her discipline was inseparable from her situation, for it must be conceded, that her offspring were not always of the most pliant and submissive humour: my brothers and sisters were brats of the most wilful kind, and were ever endeavouring to make a slave of me; but, with a firmness of fortitude singular for my age, I resisted all their attempts to domineer. I shall not, therefore, animadvert with any particular rancour on the memory of 'all the ills I bore' during that juvenile persecution wherein I was the martyr."

At school he is the leader of every rebellion, and in the heart of every mischief—all which he defends on natural and first principles; and one of his accounts of the consequence of detection in robbing an orchard, is a fair example of the humorous tone of the work.

"I shall not bestow my tediousness on the reader with what happened that night; but on the Monday morning—(Sabbath passed innocently)—when Mr. Skelper came into the school-room, there was silence, and solemnity, and dread. All those who were engaged in the assertion of genuine principle, sat conning their lesson with downcast eyes and exemplary assiduity,—serious were their faces, and timid were their eyes; my heart rattled in my breast like a die in a dice-box: the other boys were under the malignant influence that was characteristic of the then state of the world—their laughter, though stifled and sinister, was provoking; and for the side-long looks which they now and then glanced at us, their malicious eyes ought to have been quenched. The master advanced with sounding footsteps to his desk; his countenance was eclipsed: never shall I forget his frown. Having said prayers with particular emphasis, he then stepped forward, and summoned all who had been engaged in the nocturnal exploit, by name. With trembling knees we obeyed; and I chanced to be the first whom he addressed. 'Nathan Butt,' said he, with a hoarse, austere voice (for he was a corpulent man), 'Nathan Butt, what have you been engaged in?' This was a puzzle: but I replied, 'that I had just been reading my lesson.' 'You varlet!' cried he, 'don't tell me of lessons: what lessons could you learn in robbing Dr. Drowsier's garden?' 'I could not help it, sir,' was my diffident answer; 'we were tempted, and could not resist: the Doctor should not put such temptations in our way; he is more to blame than we are;' and waxing bolder, I at last ventured to say, 'we only

tried to get our share.' Mr. Skelper was astonished, and exclaimed, 'What can the boy mean? You audacious rascal! these are the sentiments of a highwayman!' and with that he hit me over the shoulders with his cane, as if he had been a public lictor, and I a malefactor. In a word, no more questions were asked, nor the truth of our opinions attempted to be ascertained; but each and all of us were compelled, after receiving a cruel caning, to sit on a form by ourselves, ruminating indignantly on our wrongs, a spectacle to the whole school."

Grown up to manhood, other mischances attend the independent course of Master Butt. He tells us:—

"About the time of which I have been speaking, an amiable young woman and I were brought into a very awkward position by the parish officers. Perhaps, as the affair was altogether private, I ought not to have mentioned it in these pages; but as my chief object is to exhibit the perverted world as I found it, I can do no less than narrate some of the circumstances; especially as they serve to shew how widely that artificial system, which has so long been predominant, is different from the beauty, the simplicity, and the integrity of nature. For some weeks there had been a shy and diffident acquaintanceship between Alice Hardy and me, inasmuch that, before we exchanged words, we had looked ourselves into familiarity with one another. She was not, however, in that rank of life which my father, in his subserviency to the prejudices of society, would approve of as a fit match for me; and therefore I resolved to seek no closer communion with her. Nevertheless, it came to pass, I cannot well tell how, that one day we happened to fall into speaking terms, and from less to more, grew into a pleasant reciprocity. Nothing could be more pure and natural than our mutual regard; it was the promptings of an affection simple, darling, and congenial. While in this crisis of enjoyment, malignant Fortune influenced the parish, and we were undone. One morning the beadle, wearing his cocked hat, big blue coat with red capes, trimmed with broad gold lace, appeared at the door of Alice's mother, and calling her forth by name, impudently inquired respecting some alteration that he had been told was visible in her appearance. To this she gave a spirited answer; at which the intrusive old man struck the floor with his silver-headed staff in a magisterial manner, and said, with a gruff voice, which alarmed the poor girl, that if she refused to answer his question, he would have her pulled up before her betters. This threat she related to me in the evening, when we met, as our custom was, to walk in my lord's park; and next morning I went to the saucy beadle myself, and demanded why he had presumed to molest her with his impertinence. But instead of replying as he ought to have done, he said, with a look which I shall never forget, that he was coming for me to give security that the parish should not be burdened, as he called it, with a job. This was strange tidings; and I was so confounded, that I did not know what answer to make. I assured him, however, that it had all come of an unaccountable accident, and should be so treated; for that neither Alice nor I had the least idea of the consequence—indeed, we never thought of it at all. But I spoke to a post; and, by what ensued, it was plain to me how much parochial beadies are opposed to the fondest blandishments of nature. In some respects, the affair, in the end, as far as the parish and the beadle were concerned, was amicably settled; but my father,

highly exasperated that I could not discern, or would not confess, a fault, resolved that I should no longer remain in that country side. Accordingly, I was sent off very soon to my uncle, in one of the principal manufacturing towns of the kingdom, to be placed in his counting-house; it being deemed of no use to think I could ever make any figure in the law. My mind, as the old man asserted, was doggedly set against the most valued institutions of the country, and altogether of an odd and strange revolutionary way of thinking. 'Nathan Butt,' said he, on the evening previous to my departure, 'you go from your father's house—what he says with sorrow and apprehension—an incorrigible young man; you have, from your youth upward, been contumacious to reproof, and in your nature opposed, as with an instinctive antipathy, to every thing that has been endeared by experience.' This address a little disconcerted me; but in the end my independence gave me fortitude to say, 'Sir, that I have not been submissive to the opinions of the world and to yours, is certain; but it is not in my character to be other than I am. Fate has ordained me to discern the manifold forms which oppression takes in the present organisation of society.' 'Oppression!' cried the old gentleman, with vehemence, 'do you call it oppression, to have been, from your childhood, the cause of no common grief to your parents; to have been kicked out of one school, and the rebel ringleader in another?—Nathan Butt! Nathan Butt! unless you change your conduct, society will soon let you know, with a pin in your nose, what it is to set her laws and establishments at defiance.' 'Alas! sir, pardon me for the observation—but you have lived too long; the world now is far ahead of the age which respected your prejudices. I am but one of the present time; all its influences act strongly on me, and, like my contemporaries, I feel the shackles and resent the thralldom to which we have been born.' 'You stiff-necked boy!' exclaimed my father, starting up in a passion; 'but I ought not to be surprised at such pestiferous jargon. And so you are one of those, I suppose, destined to be a regenerator of the world! Come, come, Mahomet Butt, as I should call you, no doubt this expulsion to your uncle's will be renowned hereafter as your Hegira. I have seen young men, it is true, in my time—that which you say is now past—who, with a due reverence for antiquity, and a hallowed respect for whatever age and use had proved beneficial—but the lesson is lost on you: however, let me tell you, my young Mahomet, that we had in those days mettlesome lads, that did no worse than your pranks; but—' 'Well then, sir, what was the difference between them and me?' 'Just this, you graceless vagabond!—what they did, was in fun and frolic, and careless juvenility; but you, ye reprobate! do your mischief from instinct; and evil, the devil's motive, is, to your eyes and feelings, good! You—ye ingrained heretic to law, gospel, and morality, as I may justly say you are—have the same satisfaction in committing mischief that those to whom I allude had, in after-life, in acts of virtue and benevolences.' It was of no use to answer a man who could express such doctrine; so I just said to him, that I claimed no more from him than the privilege of nature. 'The beasts and birds,' said I, 'when they have come to maturity, leave their lairs and nests, and take their places in the world.' The old man, in something like a frenzy, caught me by the tuft of hair on my forehead by the one

hand, and seizing a candle with the other, pored in my face, at first sternly, and then softening a little, he flung me, as it were, from him, and said, 'Go, get out of my sight, thou beast or bird of prey!' I shall make no animadversions on such a domestic life; the reader will clearly see that it belonged to that state of society which soon, thanks be and praise, is about to be crushed. It will no longer be in the power of one, dressed in a little brief authority, to play such fantastic tricks with those in whom the impulses of nature are justly acknowledged as superior to all artificial maxims and regulations."

With his uncle his principles yield a little of their sternness; he enters into trade, marries, and has a family. On the christening of his first child, Mr. Galt has drawn a scene of Christian piety, in which Mrs. Butt and other relatives are opposed to the infidelity of Nathan, with great interest and effect. The death of his aged mother is also a very touching picture. But we have done enough to enable readers to judge of the dry remark, the astuteness, and the torism, which distinguish the *Radical*; and we leave it to the favour it is at least sure to command from a numerous body on account of its politics, and should generally obtain (no matter on what side the reader may be, if not very hot), on account of the ability with which it is written.

*The Contrast.* By the Author of "Matilda," &c. 3 vols.  
[Second Notice.]

WE return to these interesting volumes, because we wish to place before our readers a remark or two with which we have been infinitely pleased. Few writers indulge less in digressions than Lord Mulgrave; the characters are developed, the narrative proceeds most dramatically; but circumstances themselves call forth observations; and we extract the following passages both for their own value, and for the wholly opposite talent they display to those of our previous notice—the rational and useful, as accompanying the touching and brilliant.

*The County Magistrates.*—"But here—let not the reader be alarmed: I am not going to start off with one of the sweeping invectives, with some so popular, against the 'great unpaid;' such a digression would be out of place here, if I thought it in reason any where. But my own opinion is, that it is a system which rather requires to be regulated than superseded. I by no means think that all is obtained that is required, because the magistrate is unpaid; but neither do I think that all would be remedied if he was paid. I do not think it by any means certain that this change alone would at once insure oracles of wisdom, and miracles of wit, all over the country. If, too, their appointments are all to emanate from the crown, I am much surprised that any who entertain a constitutional jealousy of the executive should tolerate a plan, which either must be made the means of increased patronage to the dependents of government and their supporters among the local aristocracy, or if there ever should be a minister who should be disposed to drill all under him into a sort of military subordination, would enable him to organise a system, if not of police espionage, at least of ministerial surveillance. 'Surveillance!' The word is not English; because the thing itself has never been naturalised amongst us. And next to the consideration of how the stipendiary magistrates are to be appointed, comes that of from what class are they to be selected. Probably from amongst those educated for the profession



of the law. But you could never expect that the infinite number of appointments necessary would be such as to tempt men of eminence or ambition to accept them; so that every where you must be content with mediocrity of talent and attainments. Added to this, is the name of lawyer, whether deservedly or not, so popular among the lower orders as to make such a change desired by those for whose advantage it is supposed to be proposed? Whatever the defects of the present system may be, I am sure much good is frequently effected by the attention willingly paid to the amicable recommendations of him who is looked up to in his immediate neighbourhood, as uniting the character of magistrate with that of kind protector or benevolent landlord. Far, however, am I from thinking that the present system is perfect. Many, I am aware, are the instances both of injustice and ignorance which it has fostered under the head of injustice. The game-laws, administered by the very persons most interested against the accused party, have led to much capricious tyranny. But abolish the game-laws (as you have begun to do), destroy the unjust law, and you remove the temptation to injustice in the administration. As to ignorance, too, I am afraid that there are but too many lamentable instances; but why then is the most complicated and important business of administering the laws supposed to be the only one for which no previous practice or preparation is required? A diploma is expected for medicine; a degree or examination for taking orders as a priest. Why, as most of our magistrates are of the class usually educated at one of the universities, why should not a course of English law be engrafted upon the many less useful things exacted as necessary to a degree? or why should not a certificate from a separate college established for that purpose, be required from every one wishing to act as a magistrate? Would it be very unreasonable to expect that some little fitness should be ascertained, before duties were undertaken in which the interests of so many, and amongst them those the least able to defend themselves, are involved?"

**Unnecessary Imprisonment as involved in Delay of Trial.**—"It has often struck me, that though it is said in answer to the question, 'whom does time gallop withal?'—with a thief to the gallows, for, though he goes as softly as foot can fall, he thinks himself too soon there; yet if there is a course which time has to run which should, if possible, be shortened, it is that elongated period which, in the greater part of this kingdom, has often to be passed between the commitment of a prisoner and his trial. In many cases nine months may elapse—nine weary months elapse before those whose trials ultimately end in acquittal, can be restored to their family; and of those who are committed, how large a proportion are afterwards proved to have been innocent? or rather, if you please, not proved to be guilty? With the numberless law reforms, previously deemed visionary and impossible, which the last few years have seen actually put in practice, it is not likely that this evil should long be allowed to continue. How the alteration is to be effected, or by what separation of the civil and criminal functions of the judges the courts of law at Westminster Hall could still continue open during the terms, as they are now required to be, and yet commissions for the despatch of criminal justice be issued to the country,—must be left to more experienced heads than mine to determine. But the evil of the want of some such arrangement is not confined

alone to that one, in itself sufficient, of an innocent man chancing to be detained whilst those seasons have almost revolved during which he should have supported his family by his labour; but it is also not rare that the tendency to crime, which might be epidemic before, is rendered so much more virulent by contagion, that he who went in a petty offender, whether acquitted that time or not, comes out a confirmed criminal; and even on the guilty, on whom certain punishment must be done, how much of the benefit of that example, which is the sole object of punishment, is destroyed by its not being speedy as well as certain! In this age, celebrated above all its other peculiarities for the rapid succession of fresh sensations, what crime, however atrocious, can fix the attention of the public for nine long months? A rural Burke, or a provincial Bishop, is examined upon a charge, which the infamous notoriety of the first has identified with his name, both as a noun and a verb. The London journals teem with the fullest accounts, headed with the most inviting particulars of the most revolting details. Nine months, perhaps, elapse, and he dies, without confession, is hanged and dissected, and all in three lines of the smallest type in an obscure corner of the fourth page of the same newspaper. Here the benefit of the example is lost, and nobody can tell exactly why. The interval that has elapsed is rarely blamed for it. Nobody out of prison holds the stop-watch for him that is within. I remember, some years back, a fashionable offender, whose name was in every body's mouth at the time, being sentenced to five years' confinement in — gaol; his liberation was, at length, announced in the papers. It became the subject of conversation. No one could believe that any how he could have stayed his whole time, and bets were made and lost upon the utter impossibility of the fact. And yet, though to those who had thus 'doft the world aside, and hid it pass,' and had kept no count of time, the fact seemed impossible—to the individual himself, how endless had seemed the early snail-like creeping days, how tedious the last lingering hours!"

We had marked, as a contrast to the serious tone both of thought and feeling in the above quotations, a most amusing "scene in court;" but our limits forbid its admission. This, however, matters less, as *The Contrast* is not a novel to be confounded with its trifling and trashy compeers, and must consequently be generally read and esteemed from its own pages.

**New Children's Friend; consisting of Tales and Conversations.** By Mrs. Markham, author of the "Histories of England and France." 2 vols. 12mo. Longman and Co. It is well, if we may judge from the books published for their edification and guidance, that children have so many friends. When they grow up to be men and women, they will find that they have few enow; and we beg to inculcate this important moral lesson and truth upon their minds, in addition to the many with which they have been favoured, from the days of Mrs. Trimmer and Madame de Genlis to those of Mrs. Taylor and Mrs. Markham. The present work is very various, and contains much good advice, in all the usual forms of dialogue, tale, and essay. Of some parts of it, however, we should doubt the expediency for the youthful; for instance, the sailor's story of the murder of a pert village flirt (vol. ii.), though no doubt unquestionable in its application, can hardly convey useful instruction by

its details. Yet we would recommend Mrs. Markham to our juvenile readers; so likely to interest and improve them; and we do so conscientiously; for wherever our reports may be acted upon, if we should err in opinion in higher literature, we trust it will be felt that the *Literary Gazette* never misled a teacher, a parent, or a child.

**Cabinet Cyclopædia, No. XXX. History—Spain and Portugal, Vol. II.**

THIS work has not improved as it has proceeded, for we certainly never met a drier itinerary of dates and facts than constitutes the second volume of the history of Spain and Portugal.

**Officer Pug. Pp. 16. S. Low.**

SOME nice little wood-cuts of the gambols of one of those monkeys which we see in the streets on dog-back; with a poetical narrative of indifferent composition.

**Illustrations of Smollett, Fielding, and Goldsmith.** By George Cruikshank. London, Tilt.

FORTY-ONE plates, which have contributed to illustrate ten volumes of Roscoe's *Novels Library*, are here concentrated into one volume, with so much of letter-press as is needful to explain the subjects. As we have spoken with much praise of these efforts of the characteristic and ludicrous pencil of Cruikshank as they successively appeared, we shall only say that, in their collected and condensed form, the talent they display strikes us still more forcibly.

**The Minstrelsy of the Woods; or, Sketches and Songs connected with the Natural History of some of the most interesting British and Foreign Birds.** By the Author of the "Wild Garland." 12mo. pp. 227. London, Harvey and Darton.

A NICE medley of natural history for the youthful inquirer; in which anecdotes of birds, interspersed with sketches of their habits, and poetical descriptions, are well calculated to excite attention, and leave a useful record on the memory. There are also engravings, to add the recollections of the eye to the other senses.

**A New Description of the Earth.** By Jeffreys Taylor. Pp. 164. Same publishers. ANOTHER publication for the young, and viewing our globe chiefly as intended as a residence for man. It is written in a familiar style, and well adapted to convey information.

**The Fair of May Fair.** 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1832. Colburn and Bentley.

WE are going to say very little more about these volumes, for all they contain has been reviewed some half dozen times. *The Fair of May Fair* is an *ad captandum* title given to tales constructed on the principle of being nearly a repetition of "Mothers and Daughters," "Pin-money," "The Opera," &c. Mrs. Gore has now devoted about twenty volumes to fashionable life, and never was soil more utterly exhausted. We are tired of intriguing mothers, and daughters to be married; and highly as we admire Mrs. Gore's talents, we must observe, they might be put to a better use than merely giving their own piquancy to the leavings of great ones' tables. She has too much mind to waste it in thus pickling and preserving for the circulating medium. But perhaps she might reply to us in the words of a painter who was asked the common question, "Why he did not attempt some great work, instead of being daily

transmitter of some foolish face?" "Do you take me for the Marquess of Stafford, and think I want to keep my own pictures? Really I have no gallery for them."

Authors are, after all, like painters; they have no gallery for their own works.

## ARTS AND SCIENCES.

## ROYAL INSTITUTION.

THE Friday evening assemblies were resumed after the Easter recess by an admirable lecture on the strength and deflexion of cast-iron beams, delivered by Mr. Cottam. After some preliminary observations, the lecturer shewed that a bar one inch square and fifty-four inches between the supports, bore 189lbs. in the middle of its length, with a deflexion of 0.47 of an inch. When unloaded, it was found to restore itself; indicating that its elastic force was still entire. He then took the opportunity of shewing the necessity of attending to the limit of the elastic power. He observed, if the material be strained beyond that point, and the straining force be suffered to remain, or frequently repeated, the deflexion continues to increase, and fracture ultimately takes place; but if the load be restrained within the limit of the elastic power, it may be suffered to remain for any length of time with perfect safety, and without increasing the deflexion in the smallest degree. The bar was again loaded with 236lbs. suspended at equal distances over the length, and the same deflexion was produced as with 189lbs. in the centre. Mr. Cottam stated this to be a new property, accidentally discovered by placing the weights in a wrong position on a former trial. The distance between the supports was reduced to one half, and the bar bore twice the load, or 378lbs., proving that the strength is inversely as the length. The original length was again adopted, and when the bar was uniformly loaded, it bore 378lbs., and resumed its former state on the load being removed. The bar was then loaded to fracture, and broke with 556lbs.: now the load to produce fracture by calculation is 567lbs.: a satisfactory evidence. On this, however, Mr. Cottam laid no stress; but stated, that it was the elastic force only from which rules ought to be drawn, and not from the breaking weight. From these experiments the following rule was drawn:—Multiply 850 times the breadth in inches by the square of the depth in inches, and divide the product by the length of bearing in feet for the weight to be supported in pounds. This weight any beam of cast-iron will carry with safety in the middle of its length; and twice that weight if uniformly distributed over the length. Beams of various forms, the strength of which was calculated by this rule, were placed in a hydro-mechanical press, and proved to carry the load stated, and the deflexion was denoted by an index, which had a range of ten inches for every inch, rendering the deflexion visible to the one hundredth part of an inch.

## TRANSIT OF MERCURY.

34 (see L. G. No. 797) — the state of the weather for several days preceding the transit prevented any sanguine expectations of an uninterrupted view of this phenomenon: a glance or two was the utmost limit of reasonable anticipation. At 5<sup>h</sup> of the morning of Saturday the sky was clear and tranquil; by 7<sup>h</sup> it was entirely concealed, and, excepting a gleam of sunshine at 7<sup>h</sup> 15<sup>m</sup>, which for an instant inspired hope, the celestial canopy, till within a few minutes of the expected ingress, presented only the dreary aspect of driving clouds. 8<sup>h</sup> 45<sup>m</sup>

—the clouds in the direction of the Sun became less dense. 8<sup>h</sup> 58<sup>m</sup> — the Sun sufficiently visible through pale clouds to be satisfied that Mercury had not commenced its entry on the solar disc: owing to the thin misty veil, which was momentarily varying, the Sun was examined without the aid of a dark glass applied to the telescope. 9<sup>h</sup> 1<sup>m</sup> — Mercury distinctly seen, advanced about half his diameter on the solar disc. 9<sup>h</sup> 3<sup>m</sup> — the planet completely within the disc, apparently in contact with the Sun's inner limb. The planet was afterwards seen at the following intervals: 9<sup>h</sup> 25<sup>m</sup>, 9<sup>h</sup> 40<sup>m</sup>, and 9<sup>h</sup> 55<sup>m</sup>; also several times between 10<sup>h</sup> and 11<sup>h</sup>: during the ensuing three hours the sky was uniformly overcast. At 2<sup>h</sup> 5<sup>m</sup>, 2<sup>h</sup> 25<sup>m</sup>, and 3<sup>h</sup> 5<sup>m</sup>, a transitory glimpse was again afforded; after this latter period the Sun did not re-appear during the transit. In each of the above observations the Sun was never free from clouds, and only visible at each interval for two or three seconds: not one steady continual view of the Sun was afforded from the commencement to the termination. The spectacle, though not satisfactory, was gratifying.

The transit of Mercury preceding the recent one occurred on the 4th of November, 1822 (invisible in Europe). This was observed at Calcutta, and under circumstances scarcely more favourable: the Sun was frequently obscured by flying clouds, so as to render the time of the first internal contact uncertain. During its continuance, the light was so faint that the Sun could be seen without the aid of coloured glasses.

The transit of the same planet, Nov. 2, 1740, being invisible in Europe, induced a distinguished astronomer and geographer, I. N. de l'Isle, to undertake a journey to the distant regions of Asia to witness it; but, after travelling through the inhospitable wilds of Siberia, the cloudiness of the atmosphere prevented him from observing the transit — a mortification which he endeavoured to support by his geographical and physical remarks, and in drawing up a description of the country.

The transit of Venus, in 1761, was also attended with considerable disappointment. The scientific world had directed their attention to this very rare occurrence for 130 years. On the morning of the transit, the clouds intercepted a view of its commencement in some places, and totally obscured it in others, to the great vexation of those who had undertaken expensive voyages to observe this interesting phenomenon in distant countries.

The next transit of Mercury visible in England will occur in the afternoon of the 8th of May, 1845. The Sun will set with the planet on its disc.

Occultation of Saturn. — 8<sup>h</sup> (see L. G. No. 797) — immersion of the ring of Saturn, 9<sup>h</sup> 6<sup>m</sup> 50<sup>s</sup>; disappearance of the eastern edge of the globe of the planet, 9<sup>h</sup> 7<sup>m</sup> 45<sup>s</sup>; emersion of the ring, 10<sup>h</sup> 7<sup>m</sup> 10<sup>s</sup>; total emersion, 10<sup>h</sup> 7<sup>m</sup> 45<sup>s</sup>. The passage of the dark limb of the Moon over the disc of the planet was a beautiful phenomenon — both were well defined: fleecy clouds dimmed the eastern ansa before complete immersion. This was the most satisfactory occultation of Saturn that has been observed since that of October 30, 1825.

Depford.

J. T. BARKER.

## LITERARY AND LEARNED.

## ROYAL SOCIETY.

J. W. LUBBOCK, Esq. in the chair. — The remainder of Mr. Fox's paper on certain irregularities in the magnetic needle produced by partial warmth, and the relations which appear

to subsist between terrestrial magnetism and geological structure and thermo-electrical currents of the earth, was read. This communication contains much information that is interesting. The author detailed a number of experiments on rocks: the thermo-electricity of granite became considerable on vitrification; porphyry, negative; green-stone, positive; and so on, in a very anomalous manner, which is attributed to the structure of the rocks. Ores, too, like rocks, differ in their thermo-electrical quality: by inquiry, however, that cause and effect by which the universe is bound together, might be clearly traced through apparent irregularity in nature. The results of experiments of a different kind were then detailed. Granite, when heated to red-heat, increased in bulk from  $\frac{1}{10}$  to  $\frac{1}{8}$ ; porphyry,  $\frac{1}{10}$ ; green-stone,  $\frac{1}{8}$ , &c.; but they decreased to their original limits when cold.

Mr. Lubbock informed the meeting, that continued indisposition was the cause of his Royal Highness the President's absence.

## SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

H. GURNEY, Esq. in the chair. — The council of the Society exhibited drawings of the ground-plan and elevations of the N.W. tower of Canterbury Cathedral. Mr. Barling exhibited an Anglo-Saxon seal of brass, with the legend "Sigillum Ælfrici." It was found near Winchester, and is supposed to have belonged to Alfric, earl of Mercia, who, about the year 991, was entrusted by Ethelred II. with a considerable fleet against the Danes, to whom, however, he betrayed the fleet. Mr. Crofton Croker exhibited four bronze weapons found in the Thames near Kingston, described by him as Roman; but we should be rather inclined to consider them British, from their form and appearance; and an antique smoking-pipe, very small in its dimensions, also found near Kingston. Mr. Kempe communicated drawings, with a description, of the monument of John de Sheppey, bishop of Rochester, discovered concealed behind some loads of plaster and rubbish in Rochester Cathedral, during the repairs of that edifice in the year 1805. The costume of the bishop's effigy is exceedingly rich; in illustration of which Mr. Kempe detailed the ancient ceremonial of the investiture of bishops. John de Sheppey was elected bishop of Rochester in 1352, and died in 1360. Mr. Rudge exhibited a ground-plan of the Abbey of Evesham, in Worcestershire, with drawings of architectural ornaments, painted tiles, &c. accompanied by a description of the discoveries made by the excavations and researches of Mr. R. and his father between the years 1811 and 1830.

## THE LITERARY FUND ANNIVERSARY.

THE annual meeting of this "thrice blessed charity" took place at the Freemasons' Hall, on Wednesday; his grace the Duke of Somerset, the president, in the chair. Owing to the political events of the moment, his grace, who by his own presence shewed how sincerely he was attached to the Fund, was deprived of the support of many eminent characters, who had promised their attendance on the occasion. The company, nevertheless, amounted to between one and two hundred persons; and the stewards had also honourably exerted themselves to procure a good list of subscriptions.

\* With regard to the subscriptions to the Literary Fund at its anniversary meetings, though we highly applaud the delicacy which hardly makes the desire for public assistance known, yet as their sole object is to increase the Fund, and enable those who dispense it to be more liberal in their relief of literary distress, we could wish that facilities, at least, were opened to parties who might wish to give their aid to so benevolent a cause, and that they should not be deterred from fulfilling their good



which included a hundred guineas from the King, the first his majesty has graciously bestowed on an association so worthy of royal protection—fifty pounds from the Earl of Mulgrave, after several previous donations—and liberal sums from Sir John Swinburne, Sir John Malcolm, and other friends who were present—repetitions of oft-repeated acts of benevolence—as well as from absent patrons and officers, whom circumstances kept from the meeting.

After the usual loyal toasts, on which some recent members, not well acquainted with the nature and spirit of the charity, which knows neither party nor politics in the conduct of its affairs, were rather more noisy than has been seen at former anniversaries, or than is befitting where mercy, not discord, is the object which all should have in view—after these toasts and their musical accompaniments, under the able direction of Mr. Hawes, the chairman drank success to the Literary Fund, which was received with warm applause. Dr. Croly, one of the registrars, then addressed the assembly in a very eloquent strain, stating the progress the Institution had made, expatiating on the misfortunes to which literary genius and pursuits were ever peculiarly liable, mentioning in general terms (for a right feeling forbids particulars) the beneficent application of the Fund, and enforcing its high claims to national sympathy and national co-operation. Several splendid passages in this speech elicited the plaudits of the hearers, and its fine conclusion was loudly cheered. Sir John Malcolm, in a neat address, proposed the health of the noble president, which was given with every testimony of grateful acknowledgment; and his grace having returned thanks, briefly expressing his attachment to the Institution, and his anxiety to promote every effort for the consolation of suffering literary merit—Mr. Burn, one of the treasurers, read a report of the donations and subscriptions during the preceding year. Other toasts called up Sir John Malcolm, in connexion with the Royal Asiatic Society—Sir John Swinburne, as a great benefactor, with the stewards—Mr. Milman, as one of the eminent poets of England—Mr. Sheridan Knowles, as a distinguished dramatic author—Mr. Mayerbeer, the famous German composer, and other individuals of note in various walks of life. These gentlemen severally declared the sense they entertained of the compliment paid to them, and the deep interest they felt in the success of the Fund, in graceful and appropriate terms; and Mr. Knowles spoke with great energy and splendid poetical illustration, not only in painting his own vivid emotions, but in praying for an abundance of blessings on the hands which directed so noble a design. Some of his imagery was of the highest and most touching order; especially where he compared the literary adventurer to the sailor who trusted all to a plank and bit of canvass, and put to sea, not knowing whether the tides might drive him, or when the storm might come on. Then, in the hour of peril, when wrecked and sinking, how god-like was the act to pluck them from the overwhelming waves!

design by the absolute difficulty of readily knowing how to carry it into effect. Last year, Lord Brougham presided over a splendid meeting, and performed his office with all the tact and talent which could impart brilliancy to such an occasion; yet many strangers went away absolutely ignorant that their subscriptions in the room would be acceptable. The same remark applies to Wednesday, and ought not to apply another year; for though the Institution is flourishing, and it may be said rich, yet, if it had thrice as much to bestow, there is thrice as much of penury and misery among those for whose solace it exists, to whom its subsidy and often saving assistance might happily be extended.—*Ed. L. G.*

M. Mayerbeer delivered his thanks in French, but speaks English very tolerably in private conversation. He seemed much gratified by the attention paid to him, and the praise bestowed on his father-land.

One of the visitors interrupted the arranged routine of the toasts, by volunteering the health of the late Lord Chancellor, which was received with great approbation. Mr. Pemberton also recited a poem; but, from being unacquainted with the room, pitched his voice so as to be very indistinctly heard, which brought on symptoms of impatience; and he finally sat down without, we believe, finishing his theme.

The evening concluded, as we have been told, pleasantly enough: and some efficient stewards have been secured for next May.

## FINE ARTS.

### EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

It, while looking round the walls of the great room at Somerset House, with a view to estimate the merits of the Exhibition of the present year, as compared with those of its immediate predecessors, any doubt had come across us on the subject, the question would have been immediately decided on seeing Mr. Wilkie's extraordinary performance. Of course we allude to

No. 134. *The Preaching of Knox before the Lords of the Congregation, 10th June, 1559.* D. Wilkie, R.A.—Has the science, as it is termed, of physiognomy any foundation in truth? Placing "in our mind's eye" the artist, with his placid features and quiet demeanour, by the side of his admirable and energetic picture, we should say—no. All the fire of Knox's eloquence; all the malignant but subdued feeling of the alarmed ecclesiastics; all the anxiety and apprehension of the principal females in the centre group—these, and a thousand other emotions must, for a time, have been present to the painter's imagination, and have formed a part of himself; and yet they have left no impress upon his countenance. It is impossible to contemplate this pictorial record of an historical fact, without being awfully sensible of the powerful effects which have, in former times, resulted from the oratory of the pulpit. It is a work from which our thoughts cannot readily withdraw themselves; and we do not envy those who can resist being carried away by its expression, and by its other excellencies, and can sit quietly down to the cold task of criticism. In colour it appears to us to unite the splendour of the Venetian with the deep and harmonising tone of the Spanish school. It not infrequently happens that our artists, in their visits to the celebrated galleries of the continent, have contrived to weaken the powers which they carried with them: Mr. Wilkie has not only strengthened his, but appears to have awakened talents hitherto dormant, of a higher character even than the public supposed him to possess.

No. 70. *Child Harold's Pilgrimage, Italy.* J. M. W. Turner, R.A.—We look upon this beautiful, but exceedingly artificial picture, as a vision; and cannot for a single instant believe in its reality.\* We have perfect faith, however, in the strict adherence to nature of No. 153, *The Prince of Orange, William III., embarked from Holland, and landed at Torbay, November 4th, 1688, after a stormy passage;* and No. 206, *Van Tromp's shallop, at the en-*

\* Our late kind-hearted friend of gastronomic celebrity, Dr. Kitchiner, invented a pill, which he called a "peristaltic persuader." Why does not some skilful optician produce a glass which might have a similar effect in persuading the eye?

*trance of the Scheldt;* by the same, when he chooses to be so, inimitable artist.

No. 196. ———. W. Etty, R.A.—The subject must be looked for in the quotation in the catalogue, which speaks of

"Youth on the prow, and pleasure at the helm; Unmindful of the sweeping whirlwind's sway, That, hush'd in grim repose, expects his evening prey."

This is all moral enough; the picture is voluptuously beautiful, and certainly is not calculated "through the eye to correct the heart," as was said of the works of Hogarth. Some of the ladies seem to be prepared for the coming storm. They are no doubt excellent swimmers, and well acquainted with the element with which they are about to contend.

No. 140. *A Scene from the Taming of the Shrew.* C. R. Leslie, R.A.—The eye of the spectator is at first attracted, and perhaps too strongly, by the rich and splendid drapery which Petruccio holds up in mock anger; but it is not long detained there. The character of Catherine and her suppressed rage are exquisitely depicted. No one but a perfect vixen could have exhibited such emotion, and no one but a perfect artist could have so accurately observed, and so skilfully represented it. In all respects, whether in composition, colouring, or effect, the subject is admirably treated.

No. 121. *A Family Picture; containing portraits of the Marquess and Marchioness of Westminster, the Earl and Countess Grosvenor, the Earl and Countess of Wilton, Lord and Lady Robert Grosvenor, Viscount Belgrave, the Ladies Grosvenor, and Lady Mary Egerton.* C. R. Leslie, R.A.—When we consider the great difficulty of arranging and managing a group of portraits, so as to give interest to the subject, we cannot sufficiently admire the talents of the artist who succeeds as Mr. Leslie has succeeded in this fine performance. All appear in their proper places; naturally, tastefully, and elegantly brought together; and, as well as the accessories of the picture, carefully and beautifully painted.

No. 9. *A Hindoo Temple at Rotas Gur, a hill fort in the Province of Behar, East Indies;* and No. 20. *An Imam-Barrak, or Mausoleum of a Mahometan High Priest, at Sasseram, in the Province of Bahar, East Indies.* W. Daniel, R.A.—It is scarcely necessary to say that these pictures are invested with the highest qualities of the picturesque, and are executed with a skill corresponding with their character. Indeed, we are so accustomed to the annual appearance of beautiful representations of oriental architecture, scenery, and figures, from the pencil of Mr. Daniell, that we cannot imagine, and hope we may never see, an exhibition without them.

No. 165. *Portrait of Sir Walter Scott in his Study at Abbotsford, reading the Proclamation of Mary Queen of Scots previous to her Marriage with Henry Darnley.* W. Allan, A.—An invaluable portrait of this celebrated writer and excellent man, whose present situation must excite the deepest sympathy in every generous breast. Mr. Allan has represented him surrounded by a great variety of curious objects of historical interest, and has painted his favourite staghound lying at his feet.

No. 77. *Una seeking shelter in the Cottage of Coreca.* W. Hilton, R.A.—Full of deep pathos and powerful contrast; with a fine chiaro-scuro, and mellow tone of colouring.

No. 86. *A Scene suggested by an effect seen after heavy rain in the Ligurian Mountains, near Sursana.* A. W. Callcott, R.A.—It is rare in the highest walks of modern landscape to see an attempt at the sublime, unaccom-



panied by some touch of the ridiculous. Mr. Callcott has happily kept clear of the latter. The mind is filled with the awful; and yet there is no exaggeration. But, in truth, from the works of what artist do we receive more unmixed pleasure; whether in his scenes of classic elegance, such as No. 61, *The ruined Tomb*, or of the purely pastoral, such as No. 187, *An English Water-mill*?

[To be continued.]

#### EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.

[Second notice.]

WHETHER second-sight be in any other way advantageous we know not; but we are sure that it is so in art. It is very gratifying to us to be enabled to say, that our second view of this admirable exhibition confirms our first statement of its character.

No. 224. — Miss L. Sharpe. — Miss Sharpe has taken her subject from the first volume of the *Spectator*, No. 1xxx. As the passage is quoted, none can be at a loss with respect to its object,—that of exhibiting female rivalry in the most striking colours. It is in truth an exquisite performance; and in our opinion displays the talents of the fair artist beyond any of her former works. The occurrence is treated with all the grandeur of an historical event. It is only to fancy that the fainting female has taken poison, administered by the triumphant one, and you have all the interest of deep tragedy, instead of merely the exposure of vanity. The execution is in perfect accordance with the excellence of the conception.

No. 56. *The Banquet Scene*. J. Stephanoff. — This picture was painted by command of his Majesty. The subject is taken from that scene of the play of Henry the Eighth in which the amorous monarch first sees Anne Bullen. We have already observed, that it has afforded Mr. Stephanoff a fair opportunity of displaying his skill in that garland-like colouring by which his works are so often distinguished, and never more so than in the present instance. The figure and attitude of Henry are well imagined,—at once dignified and gallant. Those of the cardinal are a little too theatrical. The splendid costume, and the effect of light from the window at the back part of the hall, add greatly to the beauty of the performance. The sketch, No. 293, of a picture to be executed by command of her Majesty, bids fair to afford an opportunity for the exhibition of this able artist's talents in a different though not less advantageous point of view.

No. 215. — G. Robson. — "A deed without a name!" We infer from the quotation in the catalogue that it represents the Lake Coriakin; and it is certainly one of those awful scenes of solitary desolation which Mr. Robson's pencil so powerfully depicts. Grandeur and sublimity can be carried no farther.

No. 233. *View from Westminster Bridge*. G. Robson. — We fancied that we were tolerably acquainted with the nature and extent of Mr. Robson's powers, when, lo! this new wonder claims our admiration. It was a fortunate hour when the artist saw this venerable and well-known pile under so pure and striking an effect.

No. 247. *Interior; Composition*. G. Cattermole. — Mr. Cattermole's works always display the stores of a fertile and extraordinary imagination. They command and rivet attention. We scarcely know whether to admire more the gloomy grandeur of this performance in its architectural character, or the wonderful skill with which the massive but mouldering

columns are represented. The figure of the isolated and mysterious ecclesiastic, although perfectly illustrative of the quotation, appears to us to be placed too much in the centre of the picture.

No. 192. *Highland Hospitality*. J. F. Lewis. — A subject well suited to the mantel, which ought always to be enlivened by works of a glad some and cheering nature. There is a rich variety, both of colour and of character, in this interior; an assemblage such as a painter, a sportsman, or a traveller, would delight to meet with, and would not easily forget. No. 107, *Scotch Fisherman's Cottage-door*, and No. 117, *Fish-wives, Newhaven, Edinburgh*; by the same artist, also exhibit his talents and his feeling for the picturesque to great advantage.

No. 164. *View in Cowes Harbour, Isle of Wight*. Copley Fielding. — If the power of the elements be not in the hands of the artist, that of representing them is. No man has been more successful in the attempt than Mr. Fielding. As examples, we quote the performance under our notice, and No. 112, *Vessels in a stiff breeze, off Calshot Castle, Hampshire*. In the first, the sullen gloom of vapour, with occasional breaks of light; in the second, the undulating motion of water and its translucent character, are depicted in a manner which we have never seen surpassed.

No. 369. *The Widow*. Miss Sharpe. — Is it game the fair artist would be making when she represents so beautiful a creature turning away from the gauds and toys of life, to dwell only upon the semblance of the dear departed? No, no; she cannot believe in the probability of the thing herself; but it does exceedingly well as the subject of a picture, which is certainly one of the most splendid and brilliant in point of effect and execution that we ever looked upon.

No. 63. *A Gipsy Camp*. P. Dewint. — The character and habits of this erratic tribe may certainly be contemplated with more safety in the fine production under our notice than by a visit to their camp. Mr. Dewint's taste and skill have invested the immediate subject with all the charms of the picturesque; while the wild and desolate heath, and the panoramic extent of the country beyond it, impart the highest interest to the scene.

No. 251. *Windermere, during the Regatta*. D. Cox. — A perfect fairy-scene, with rainbow colours scattered over it; in which animation and sociability appear in their holiday attire and best aspect.

No. 229. *Rich Relations*. T. Tayler. — A little more display of aristocratic pride would have added to the character of this picture, which is nevertheless very ably executed; and, with others by the same artist, shews great improvement.

#### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*A Series of Views, illustrating the most interesting and beautiful Spots on the Loire, and its Environs*. By Louis Parez. Part I. Ackermann.

THERE are few rivers in Europe the banks of which furnish finer or more frequent subjects for the pencil than the Loire. In the words of M. Parez, "hills, cities, rocks, castles, abbeys, ruins, and châteaux, present different outlines at every winding of the river, and each scene forms but a prelude to new beauties, that offer themselves at every step." We hope that the present effort to introduce this grand and beautiful scenery to the English amateur will meet with the success which it deserves. The Part

contains views of the picturesque Castle of Châteaudun, the prison of Charles the Seventh; the romantic Angers, which Shakespeare has rendered so familiar to his countrymen; the magnificent Chambord, erected by the chivalrous, accomplished, and munificent Francis I.; and the ancient Château de Blois, the scene of the murder of the celebrated Duke de Guise. They are drawn with much firmness and precision, and the lithographic execution also does M. Parez great credit. The views are accompanied by topographical and historical notices of the most eventful periods of French and English history.

*Studies from Nature*. Drawn by G. Barnard. Dickinson.

UNDER the above title the tyro in landscape-painting will find a number of admirable characters of trees, calculated materially to assist in teaching him to mark those varieties in trunk, ramification, and foliage, by which nature distinguishes one species from another.

*Lord Cosmo George Russell, and his Pony Fingall*. Painted by Edwin Landseer, R.A.; drawn on stone by R. J. Lane, A.R.A. Dickinson.

THIS is at least the third time that this beautiful little composition has come under our notice, viz. when the original picture was exhibited at Somerset House, when a slight sketch was published of it, and now on the appearance of the charming lithographic print before us: but we care not how frequently it presents itself to us, as we can never sufficiently admire the spirit and elegance which pervade it, and which render it one of the most fascinating productions even of Mr. Landseer's masterly pencil.

*Portraits of Miss Shirreff, Mr. Moschelles, Mr. Newkonn, &c.* from Drawings by A. Wivell.

THE public have frequently had occasion to admire the unaffected fidelity of Mr. Wivell's portraits of individuals of celebrity. We have recently seen a large collection of them, engraved by Messrs. Holl, Thomson, Hicks, &c. and were particularly struck by those, the titles of which are prefixed to this notice. They confirm us in the conviction, that resemblance is better preserved in the comparatively slight but still effective style adopted by Mr. Wivell, than when the head is overpowered, as it too frequently is, by an elaborate background, and other adjuncts.

*Finden's Landscape Illustrations to the Works of Lord Byron*. Part III. Murray.

If we could find higher terms of praise than those which we have already used with reference to this beautiful publication, we would resort to them in speaking of the present number. The designs do the painters, Messrs. Harding and Gastineau, the highest credit; and the engravings out-finden Finden.

*Nature*. — We last week noticed, in terms of warm admiration, a very sweet model, entitled *Simplicity*, by Mr. Furniss. We have now before us its companion, *Nature*, which is in style and execution even superior to the first. The group consists of two children, with all the roundness and beauty of infancy fully developed; and notwithstanding their loveliness, there is a boldness in the lineaments and general design which speaks loudly for the talent of the artist. Mr. Furniss writes to us, that this small production has not been able to find room in the Royal Academy exhibition; which, we must say, considering its size, novelty, and

merits, we think a *mistake* on the part of that distinguished body.

### ORIGINAL POETRY.

#### OUR PRESENT MAY.

"May is full of flowers."—*Southwell.*

"Born in yon blaze of orient sky,  
Sweet May, thy radiant form unfold,  
Unclose thy blue voluptuous eye,  
And wave thy shadowy lock of gold."—*Darwin.*

"The month of flowers,"—*May.*

Were they not wont to say  
That, of the Year's twelve lovely daughters, thou  
Didst wear most perfect sweetness on thy brow?

They said the crimson rose  
Was eager to unclothe  
For thee the fragrant mysteries which lie  
Hidden in leafless boughs beneath the winter  
sky.

The poets told thy birth  
Was welcomed upon earth  
By the sweet multitude of shining flowers,  
By bursting buds, green leaves, and sunny  
hours.

And thou art come, sweet May;  
A week beneath thy sway  
The world has been; yet is it dull and cold:  
Doth it not own thy reign, as in the days of old?

To-day all life is strange  
With great and utter change;  
The power is past away from many a shrine  
And many a throne—must it, too, pass from  
thine?

Still o'er the darkened sky  
The heavy clouds sail by,  
Till the bleak shower comes down unpitifully,  
Beating the few faint blossoms from the tree.

Where is the yellow ore  
Which the labourer bore,  
As if transformed, the Theban princess there,  
Amid the golden shower, loosed her more golden  
hair?

The lilac with its stars,  
Small, shining like the spars  
With which some sea-nymph decks her ocean-  
bowers—  
Lilac, that seems the jewellery of flowers?

Where is the gelder-rose,  
Wreathed as from Alpine snows?  
Where is the lime-tree's bud of faint perfume?  
Where is the hawthorn wealth, thine own  
peculiar bloom?

They do not meet thee now!  
I see the barren bough;  
The earth is melancholy as a grave—  
I see the driving rain, I hear the bleak winds  
rave.

Is this the pilgrimage  
Of Earth in her old age?  
And is the shadow all things present wear  
Cast on the circling beauty of the year?

Or is it but delay?  
Are south winds on their way,  
And songs and blossoms bringing May once  
more  
The sunshine which rejoiced all hearts of yore?

Hope whispers of their birth—  
Hope which upon our earth  
Doth wander like an angel, at whose feet  
Fresh flowers spring up to gladden and to greet.

How many now may see  
Thy likeness, May, in thee!  
Mournful and spiritless, their spring is known  
But by its measured time, and time alone;

They know there must be May within the year,  
Else would they never dream that May was  
here.

May 9, 1832.

L. E. L.



### THE GARRICK CLUB PAPERS, NO. XII.

#### The Garrick Club.

At a general meeting of the subscribers, on Saturday, which was numerously attended, it was agreed to elect Mr. Sheridan Knowles an honorary member of the Club, as a testimony to the high rank he had attained by his exertions as an original dramatic writer. This, the first compliment of the Club paid to the interests of our national theatre, will, we trust, stimulate other authors to emulate Mr. Knowles; for though the tribute may be slight in itself, when it is considered that it comes with the weight of very many of the most distinguished noble and literary patrons of the stage, it must be viewed as one of no mean character and influence.

The dinner, by private subscription of members of the Club, is given to the Earl of Mulgrave, vice-president, this day; the noble lord having justly merited every distinction which could here be offered to him, by his indefatigable services in establishing the Society.

At the meeting we have noticed, after the specific business of the summons was over, Mr. Macready called attention to the approaching retirement of Mr. Young from the profession he had through his whole career so greatly adorned; and proposed that he should be invited to dine with the Club when he had taken his leave of public life. This proposition was cordially received, and unanimously adopted, after some conversation as to the arrangements which might be necessary in accordance with the rules of the Garrick. No doubt there will be a distinguished assemblage of rank and talent to do honour to a performer who has done so much honour to his class, both by his talents on the stage, and by his conduct as a private gentleman.

Gray's Inn, 7th May, 1832.

Sir,—Your correspondent at Edinburgh has not substantiated the story of Ben Jonson and Sir Walter Raleigh's son. It is not the truth, that what was unfounded in 1593 was well founded in 1613; for though in the latter year young Raleigh might have made his tutor "dead drunk" at Paris (a feat, by the by, of some difficulty, if, as Drummond also states, drink was one of the elements in which Ben lived), he could not have sent him in that state "home to Sir Walter," who was then, and long after, a prisoner in the Tower,—as is stated, indeed, in the very note on the subject to which your correspondent has referred.

Your correspondent is also unjust to Gifford: the inference from the note on that subject clearly is, that Gifford formed his opinion of

Drummond's donation to the college from the catalogue, and not from an inspection of the books and manuscripts themselves; nor is his opinion quite so strongly expressed as your correspondent would have us believe. His words are:—"About the year 1627, Drummond gave 'a noble present of books and manuscripts to the College of Edinburgh.' So say the editors of his works (folio, 1711), or I should have termed it, generally speaking, a collection of rubbish, not worth the hire of the cart which took it away. Of this rare present a catalogue was published, in which," &c.

If the conversations between Jonson and Drummond have really never been fully and accurately printed, and many curious points are omitted (in the published accounts of them, I presume), your correspondent would confer a great favour on many readers by furnishing a complete transcript of them. Is it possible that the passage not contained in Drummond's works, but published in Cibber's *Lives of the Poets*, is genuine, instead of being a fabrication of Shiel's, the compiler of those lives, as has been supposed?—I am, sir, &c. H. L. C.

### MUSIC.

#### SOCIETA ARMONICA.

THE fourth concert, postponed from Passion Week, took place on Monday. The chief attraction of the evening was the cavatina "Ah! come rapido," from *Il Crociato*, and *Rôle's* variations, by Mlle. Cinti-Damoreau, in which this accomplished songstress displayed all her fine talent and taste. The beauty of her singing is, that she never attempts what she cannot execute; and there is consequently an elegance and finish in all she does, which is very fascinating. A concerto, by Mori, was also much applauded.

Messrs. Dressler and Pelzer's Concert was very well attended, and very well deserving of that attendance. The opening piece of *La Sentinel* produced a great effect; and when, in imitation of the voice dying away in the distance, Mr. Fisher sang from one of the upper boxes, we never saw a more complete exemplification of the assertion, that the English bear with their eyes; for every head, or rather every bonnet, was most intently turned in that direction. Among the performances we must particularly mention the style in which Mr. Flaxman sang *The Sea*, and we never heard Miss Bellchambers to greater advantage than in *Una voce poco fa*.

### DRAMA.

#### GERMAN OPERA.

ON Wednesday the long-expected German opera was brought forward,—and in such a manner, that no one will begrudge the time that has been so well employed in preparing it for the public enjoyment. The *Freischütz* was the piece selected for the opening; and, favourite as it has long been with every class of the community in the mutilated state in which it was played on our stage, and familiar as every one is with most of the music, it promises, from the manner in which it was executed on this occasion, both by the vocal and instrumental performers, to become more and more admired. Of Madam Meric (*Agathe*, the heroine,) we have already spoken in terms of praise in other places; but we are bound to confess that we had not thought so highly of her as is richly deserved by her execution of the music of the *Freischütz*. Her singing throughout was marked with great taste,—and

especially the manner in which she gave the grand scene, and a prayer at the commencement of the third act. Anpchen, the attendant of Agathe, the music of which part was nearly all new, having been left out in the English versions,—was played by Demoiselle Schneider, who both in her singing and acting displayed great spirit; and though her voice is hardly powerful enough to fill the King's theatre, yet the cultivation it has undergone, and the science she displayed, made up for all natural deficiencies, and established her in the foremost rank of popular favour. Max, the hero, was performed by Herr Haitzenger, a very sweet tenor, of great power, whose execution of the music was almost faultless: his acting seemed rather formal; but this will probably disappear on a better acquaintance with our stage and audience. Pellegrini was Caspar; and if he would throw a little more spirit into his performance, both musical and histrionic, with his fine voice he must speedily earn a higher fame. The rest of the characters were well supported throughout. The choruses were admirably sung, and the orchestra never in better condition. The house was extremely well filled; which we should attribute not only to the treat afforded, but also to the judicious reduction made in the prices of admission. On the whole, so novel a musical enjoyment—one where all engaged in it are so finely disciplined, where the effects produced are so decisive of what the genius of Weber could achieve, and where there is nothing but what must contribute to delight the sense—has never been heard by us in an English theatre. Much may we learn from this exhibition; and, at all events, we shall derive great pleasure from it, and most heartily wish it the success it deserves.

## DRURY LANE.

On Tuesday a new two-act opera was performed for the first time, called *The Tyroless Peasant*. To unravel the plot of this little drama would be a task of some difficulty; for although the incidents are "few and far between," yet there is, upon the whole, so much improbability, so much masquerading, and so much unnecessary scheming, that our readers would be as little edified with the details, and possibly as little pleased, as we ourselves were when we witnessed the performance. The first act was sufficiently dull; but between that and the second there is a lapse of two years, and this circumstance afforded the audience some little consolation; for many were disposed to hope, that in the course of that time some of the serious characters might have learnt a decent sentiment, or some of the comic gentry have picked up a tolerable joke; but no. We found our friends, at the end of two years, as dull and as tiresome as ever; and the curtain fell amidst disapprobation. The music is by Bishop—pretty, but not particularly new; well executed by Messrs. Templeton and Seguin, who are improving a great deal, and by Miss Pearson, who, we must acknowledge, was rather less cold and indifferent than usual. Harley, Mrs. Humby, and Russell, had parts which were intended to be droll; but they were unworthy of being so well represented. The scenery and dresses were those belonging to *Hofers, the Tell of the Tyrol*, and were, of course, splendid and appropriate.

## UNREHEARSED STAGE EFFECTS.

*King's Theatre, May 3d.*—I am glad to find that repeated failure has at last induced Heberle to give up as hopeless the attempt of

balancing herself on Albert's call; as of this manoeuvre it may be said, that the next ungrateful thing to its failure is its accomplishment.

*Astley's, May 4th.*—It were endless to recount the droll effects in this really delightful spectacle; but I assure you positively and literally, that there was not one of the principal characters who did not reappear in full force after being either drowned or killed in battle—many after both. There are countries where stones, beads, shells, &c. are money; but the following discovery, it strikes me, will be an interesting novelty to antiquaries. A large bag of "gold," being thrown from one of the performers to another, came undone in its passage; and its whole contents showering on the stage, proved that the current gold coin in the days of Richard the Second was broken tobacco-pipe!

*Drury Lane, May 7th.*—Downton, in that part of the *Belle's Stratagem* in which he is made to vaunt his own foresight, thought proper to introduce the following words, which, it is needless to say, soon raised mob applause.—"And I foresee also, that unless ministers gain over more opposition votes, the Reform Bill will never be carried." We should hardly excuse such gag in a country theatre, from an actor who had no other means of raising applause.

*Drury Lane, May 8th.*—*The Tyroless Peasant.* Mrs. Humby had a very long straw appended to her skirt. The inference is as plain as it is terrible—she must be more wary while her carriage (she hath one) is under repair.

## VARIETIES.

*Printers' Pension Society.*—Instituted for and applied to the relief of aged and infirm printers and their widows, this Society is about to hold its usual anniversary, with an excellent list of patrons and stewards, and Lord Mahon in the chair. Wishing well to a charity so deserving of support, we beg to commend its claim to the attention of all who love that great palladium of our liberties, the press.

*St. Alban's Abbey.*—We rejoice to see, that at a public meeting at St. Alban's, the Earl of Verulam in the chair, steps were taken towards preserving the venerable abbey of that place, which has lately become so greatly dilapidated as almost to totter to its fall.

*Hydrography.*—A survey of the coast of Brazil has been completed by the corvette Emulation, pursuing the hydrographic labours commenced by Vice-admiral Rousselin, under the administration of M. de Martignac; and a chart of the Rio de la Platte, by Lieut. Baral, the commander of the Emulation, who has just returned to Toulon, is among the fruits of this expedition. The coasts of the Rio Grande and the San Pedro, too, unknown to navigators, and supposed to be inaccessible on account of the numerous banks of moving sand, were approached within three or four miles, and, with the exception of a single bank, which does extend above seven or eight leagues from land, surveyed with the greatest accuracy; so that this part of South America may now be visited with perfect security, according to the new charts constructed on the spot.

*The Royal Clarence.*—This being a theatre of variety, we are sorry we can only mention it among our varieties; but the truth is, we received no notice of its opening till too late for a visit this week. We trust, however, for the sake of its meritorious lessee, Mrs. Fitzwilliam,

that it will bring crowds to the King's Cross every evening, especially as the bills hold out good show of entertainment.

*Sir Walter Scott.*—A private letter from Rome, of the 21st ult., states that Sir Walter Scott (accompanied by William Gell as far as Albano) had arrived in that city, and hired the Palazzo Bernini as his temporary residence.

*Royal Dispensary for Diseases of the Ear.*—On Wednesday the anniversary dinner of this useful Institution took place at the Thatched House Tavern, St. James's Street; Major Macnamara, M.P., in the chair, in the absence of Lord Dover, V.P. After the usual loyal toasts were drank, "Prosperity to the Royal Dispensary for Diseases of the Ear" was proposed, and received with enthusiasm. The health of Mr. Curtis, the King's Aurist, and founder of the Dispensary, was given, and met with much applause. In returning thanks that gentleman remarked, the more he saw of diseases of the ear, the more he was convinced of the possibility of relief being afforded; and in cases of deafness and dumbness, by an early and continued application of the curative means in infancy, he had been fortunate enough to restore both hearing and speech in various instances. Several deaf and dumb children who have obtained these faculties under Mr. Curtis's professional care, were afterwards introduced to the company, and excited much interest and attention. The treasurer read a liberal list of contributions, which repeatedly called forth the plaudits of the assembly.

*Crosby Hall.*—Though we could not attend the meeting, we shall be very happy to do all in our power to contribute to the preservation and restoration of Crosby Hall. The Vandal want of feeling which would allow our ancient monuments to perish, has been a good deal checked of late by better sentiments; and it is the duty of an intelligent press to strengthen this truly enlightened and national conservative principle.

*Beautiful Image in the Maid of Elcar.*—

"She looked up ruddy as the rose in June,  
And thanked him with her eyes."

*A Bull.*—A morning paper of Tuesday states, that there are not less [fewer] than eight noble branches of the noble family of Howard, which it proceeds to enumerate, and includes "Howard of Escrick, extinct," and "Howard of Marnhull, also extinct." This is very like a tree having eight branches, only two of them fallen off.

Our known liberality towards all foreigners of genius induces us to print the following communication *verbatim et literatim*.

To the Editor, &c.

London, George et Volture, Cornhill,  
the 25 April, 1832.

DEAR SIR,—You would do me a great favour, if you would insert in your wide-circulating Paper the following little notice, which will perhaps be interesting for many of your numerous readers. I am, with the greatest veneration, yours most obedient humble servant,

WACKERBARTH.

*Prince Metternich and Count Wackerbarth:*

BOTH had seen them often at Paris, and afterwards greeted them by letters. As the Count Wackerbarth had published his *Waltha*—comprising the greatest Heroes of all Nations—and every body rejoiced upon that, he thought proper to send a copy to the Prince at Vienna: but instead to answer him, the Prince Metternich did let prohibit directly the book in all the Austrian states, and the copies, which the author had sent to some other friends, came back from the post-office with this word written upon the title—"Verboten!" (prohibited!) 'Tis German liberty of the press and liberality of Prinz Metternich!

On the contrary, the noble King Ludwig of Bavaria took out of Count Wackerbarth's work the first idea to his great *Waltha* in the neighbourhood of Regensburg to establish an everlasting monument to all the celebrated Heroes of Teutonia.

We have hope that the Count Wackerbarth will soon publish his principal works together, by which the historical Literature may advance a great step forwards.



Having indulged a foreign correspondent with a niche for a curious letter, can we do less for a countryman?

May 18, 1860 of the *Resurre*.

To Dr. Ritchie.

SIR,—Your experiments on the rotation of glass and of water-spheres, as elucidating the science of electro-galvanism, &c., which this Journal has lately described, may justify me in supposing that a communication of an analogous nature, however strange—and stupendous, probably, to adepts in science—will be regarded with attention, and if found no illusion, with a delight not common.

Look then, sir, upon the clear concavity of the sky, and knowing that it always is outspread, whatever clouds may hide it for a while from terrace-view, admit that it circumscribes the atmosphere, and is the generator of many effects which pass for the phenomena of light and aerial modifications, without respect to a distinct body. This, then, by its constriction, is the air's spring's bond; could the containing orb-of-sky disperse, the flaccid atmosphere would dilate, to an extent and deprivation of all formational quality that must induce a general epilepsy of animal and vegetative life. The Voltaire-infidels will be astonished at the hardness with which I further assert, that when the sky poured through the river air its never-retained floods contributory to the also desuperficial deluge, then was the longevity of man reduced unto the tide of the prediluvian average; and the oceans required to drown the world by vastific pseudo-atheists are part and parcel of the very seas which (after subsidence within and around the mundane cavern) now lave the upper lands of the erst genial continents. Not to shrink from the many consequences that by objection might be urged against the fact of this planet's atmosphere being enclosed within a revolving case of waters, I will just state, that an answer is thus given to the anomaly of one diurnal tide in air, and two in ocean; for when the aerial circumference is at naap, the therefore approximated sky produces an ocean tide, proportionate (sometimes less, sometimes in excess) to the external attraction of the outward forces.

Requesting, sir, that you will pardon the very unmathematical statement of the great relic of the superior moiety of the waters, separatix-air upborne, on her formational mediate, after light's full reflex from the bottom of integral waters,—I beg to remain, most respectfully,

OBSERVER.

### LITERARY NOVELTIES.

[Literary Gazette Weekly Advertisement, No. XIX. May 12th, 1833.]

We are glad to see a work under the title of Traditions of the County of York announced by Mr. Roby, whose Traditions of Lancashire, with their beautiful embellishments, have obtained so high a rank in popular favour; and we take this opportunity of saying our *mau culpa* (pretty grammar!) for having so long neglected to fulfil our promise of taking a further notice of the Second Series, which was certainly due to the merits of that work. Among the subjects now announced as Traditions of the County of York, we observe—the Crystal Goblet, a Tale of the Emperor Severus, with a View of the Multangular Tower, York; the Lamp of All-Hallows, or the Forest of Galtres, with a View of All-Hallows Church, from the Forest of Galtres, York; the Royal Traitor, or the Fatal Curse, with a View of Hull; Skippers Ghost, with a View of Skippers Brough; St. Hilda, with a View of Whitchy Abbey; the Jew of York;—and many others of great legendary, historical, and pictorial interest.

Henry Masterton, or the Young Cavalier, by the Author of "Darnley."

Mr. Fraser, the popular author of "the Kussilbah," "the Persian Advertiser," &c. has also a new novel in the press, to be called the Highland Smuggler.

Legends of the Rhine and Low Countries, by the Author of "High-ways and By-ways."

The Token of the Covenant, designed and engraved in mezzotint by Mr. George Sanders.

The Return of the Victors, a Poem, by W. Dalley.

The Translator of the "Tour of a German Prince" is, we hear, now translating the Correspondence of Schiller and Goethe, which forms six volumes in the German.

A work of Popular Zoology, containing the Natural History of the Quadrupeds and Birds in the Zoological Gardens, &c.

### LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Seaward's Narrative, 3d edition, 3 vols. 12mo. 21s. cloth.  
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### METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1832.

May.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday 3	From 41. to 55.	29.39 to 29.59
Friday 4	41. to 52.	29.64 to 29.90
Saturday 5	40. to 57.	30.02 Stationary
Sunday 6	40. to 68.	29.99 to 29.96
Monday 7	40. to 77.	29.76 to 29.90
Tuesday 8	43. to 65.	29.86 to 29.94
Wednesday 9	43. to 53.	30.02 to 30.18

Prevailing winds, N.W. and S.W.  
Except the 8th and 9th, generally cloudy; rain on the 3d and 5th. The sudden change in the temperature on the afternoon of the 6th, the storm of thunder and lightning on the morning of the 7th, and the extreme warmth of that day, are worthy of particular remark.

Rain fallen, .225 of an inch.  
Latitude..... 51° 37' 37" N.  
Longitude..... 0 3 51 W. of Greenwich.

Extracts from a Meteorological Register kept at High Wycombe, Bucks, by a Member of the London Meteorological Society, March 1832.

Thermometer—Highest.....	54.75.....	21st.
Lowest.....	32.25.....	10th.
Mean.....	38.1845	
Barometer—Highest.....	30.08.....	2d & 10th.
Lowest.....	29.86.....	6th.
Mean.....	29.94813	

Number of days of rain and snow, 14.  
Quantity of rain and melted snow, in inches and decimals, 3.00625.

Winds.—3 East—7 West—3 North—4 South—5 North-east—3 South-east—5 South-west—4 North-west.

General Observations.—The mean temperature of the month below those of the last two years, and the extremes were also lower than those in March 1830 and 1831; and, although the mean of the barometer was higher than last year, the maximum did not reach so high as in the two preceding years—consequently the range was less. So large a quantity of rain has not fallen in March since 1827; hail, sleet, and snow, fell on the 7th and on the 14th; on the latter day the quantity of rain and melted snow measured nearly one inch and a quarter. Strong gales of wind from the westward blew between the 17th and 23d; on some nights they were very heavy. The latter part of the month was fine.

Thermometer—Highest.....	68.50.....	4th & 5th.
Lowest.....	27.50.....	1st.
Mean.....	44.5625	
Barometer—Highest.....	30.38.....	4th.
Lowest.....	29.96.....	30th.
Mean.....	29.7496	

Number of days of rain and snow, 14.  
Quantity of rain in inches and decimals, 1.48125.

Winds.—6 East—3 West—7 North—1 South—3 North-east—3 South-east—3 South-west—4 North-west.

General Observations.—The maximum and the mean of the barometer were higher than for the last nine years, but the minimum was not so low as in the corresponding month of the last four years: the mean temperature lower than in April 1830 and 1831, but the maximum was 4° higher than in the same month last year, and the extreme of cold was not so great as in any year since 1823, excepting in April 1831. Rain fell on seven days, and the whole quantity was more than last year, though less than usually falls in this place in the month of April.

On the 25th, about half-past 2 p.m., during a shower of hail, a most tremendous clap of thunder was heard, preceded by a very vivid flash of lightning, which struck a tall poplar-tree, standing at the corner of a house at the west-end of the town, stripping the bark off for about 40 feet, and the concussion occasioned by the thunder broke between sixty and seventy panes of glass in the house, and a few more at the nearest cottages: the whole force of the storm seems to have been concentrated in the cloud, as no more thunder was heard, or lightning seen.

Indistinct lunar haloes were observed on the nights of the 7th and 11th.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Among the multitude of privileges showered upon us as Editors, we have this week specially to acknowledge one calculated to make us go on swimmingly for some time; a matter not to be despised in these days of political excitement and, consequently, literary dulness. Nor can the compliment be called a cold one; though it does appear, by an erasure, somewhat circumscribed:—in short, it is a free ticket for May and June to the Albany Teyd Swimming Bath, for "self" and "friend"—only "friend" is struck out. Now, really, a company in swimming is so comfortable, particularly in tepid water; and the risk, if solitary, of being drowned in a bath 50 feet long and 30 feet wide, and, what is worse, containing 56,000 gallons of water (enough to drown the Editors of the Edinburgh, Quarterly, and Westminster, to boot), is so great, that we are at a loss whether to blow hot or cold on this issue.

### ADVERTISEMENTS.

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

### ARTISTS' BENEVOLENT FUND.

Under the Patronage of the KING. Established 1827. Incorporated by Royal Charter, August 2, 1827. The Twentieth Anniversary Dinner will take place in Freemason's Hall, on Saturday, May 12.

LORD FRANCIS LEVESON GOWER in the Chair.

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Tickets may be had of the Stewards; at the Bar of the Tavern; at the Secretary, No. 112, Mount Street, Grosvenor Square. Dinner on Table at Half-past Five for Six precisely.

JOHN MARTIN, Sec.

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The Nobility, Friends, and Subscribers, are respectfully informed, that the Seventeenth Anniversary Festival will be celebrated in Freemason's Hall, on Saturday, the 20th instant, on which occasion, HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF SUSSEX, K.G. has graciously signified his intention to preside.

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